BACKGROUND OF CONFLICT IN ASIA: A SPECIAL SECTION

Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

SR SCURY ILLE 40-7-22 TENN
LIBRARY COLLEGE 101
GREENEVILLE 9/22/ SOR

VOL. XXXIII No. 29 JULY 22, 1950 TWENTY CENTS

People in Korea fleeing from war. The human procession of the twentieth century.

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY AUG 1 '50

Too Late to Save Asia?

By WOLF I. LADEJINSKY

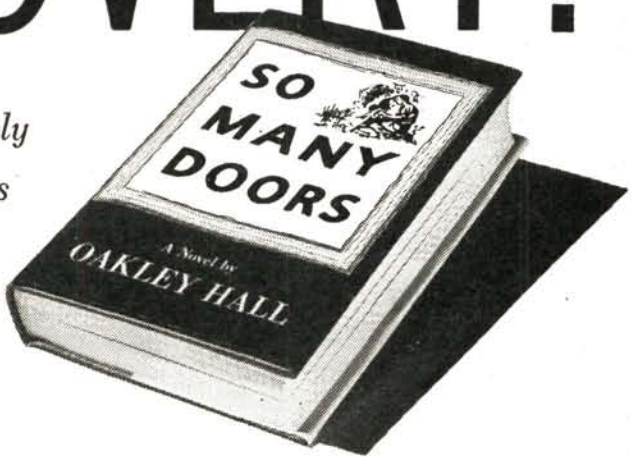
Ten Days with the Armed Forces

By BENNETT CERF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY DISCOVERY!

A novel which will inevitably be compared to the works of JAMES M. CAIN and MARITTA WOLFF



The story of a wandering workman, impelled by forces he cannot understand, who seduces the lonely daughter of a struggling rancher — and then sees with dawning horror that he has transformed a vulnerable, loving girl into a dangerous woman with terrifying powers of destruction. Oakley Hall wrote *So Many Doors* as a major project in the creative writing courses of the University of Iowa, where he is now teaching Fiction Writing.

So Many Doors

A NOVEL BY **OAKLEY HALL**

JUST PUBLISHED, $3.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE,** N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

TEN DAYS WITH THE ARMED FORCES

IF ANY OF US suspected we were beginning to forget the horror of coming home from a lazy summer week end in the country to discover that Hitler had made another of his sudden, unprovoked, sickeningly thorough attacks on a defenseless neighbor, the invasion of South Korea drove the cobwebs from our minds in a single flash. "No, no!" we told ourselves. "Our generation has suffered enough. The whole bloody business can't be beginning all over again—and so soon, so very soon!" The pattern was identical—down to the last detail of attack, the last cynical lying phrase of the invader's propaganda machine! Bitter experience at least had taught us one lesson: you either say "no" to this sort of thing at the very start or it goes on and on indefinitely—and gets worse. We are committed to saving Korea because there simply was no other course open to us.

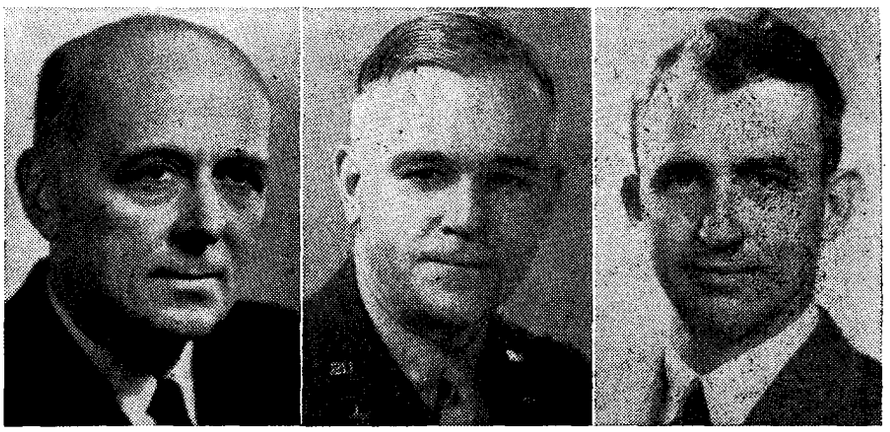
It's become fashionable to remember just where you were or what you were doing when the news broke about Pearl Harbor. Should the invasion of South Korea prove an equally fateful moment in world history, I for one will have no trouble remembering where I heard about it. I was on the hangar deck of the *Midway*, the queen of the U. S. Navy's carriers, steaming to sea for a rendezvous with Task Force 23 and a brief but intensive series of naval operations in the 1950 manner. It was a stunning climax to a session of talks by top Government officials at the Pentagon Building, a display of new weapons and infantry tactics at Fort Benning, Georgia, and an inspiring show of the latest equipment and striking power of the Air Force at Eglin Base, Florida. The program was arranged for the Seventh Joint Orientation Conference, and that I was invited to be a member of it I consider one of the biggest honors and luckiest breaks of my career. If you've never heard of the Joint Orientation program this is as good a time as any for you to learn the particulars. . . .

THE FIRST JOC was the brainchild of Jim Forrestal when he served as Secretary of Defense. His notion was to gather a geographic cross-section of representatives of American business, finance, labor, religion, education, publishing, and the professions, let them see and hear at first hand how the unification of our Army, Navy, and Air Force was progressing, how the Department of Defense was carrying out its own obligations and integrating with other branches of the Government—and count on his guests to spread the good word as loudly and vehemently as they knew how. It worked like a charm. Each JOC has been a more resounding success. The 400-odd guests of the seven conferences held to date have gone home enlightened and imbued with a new confidence in the men responsible for the safeguarding of American democracy. What's more, they've had the time of their lives in the process. At first it wasn't easy to pry important citizens away from their jobs for a fortnight and expose them to the rigors (and 5:45 A.M. reveilles!) of the military life. Today there's a waiting list of thousands begging for invitations. If conditions permit, there will be four more Joint Orientation Conferences every year. . . .

BEFORE GOING ON to some of the details of my own JOC tour I'd like to sum up my overall impressions:

1. This country has taken enormous strides in the past two years in readying itself for whatever military adventures it may be forced to undertake. Our armed forces are in no sense on a peacetime basis today. Admittedly inadequate for full-scale warfare at the moment, we at least are aware of their deficiencies, and on the way to overcoming them. In six months' time I believe we will be prepared—or almost prepared—for anything. Our basic equipment is superb. Stockpiles are growing. The most cursory inspection is enough to dispel that sinking feeling of helplessness scare headlines have given us all and replace it with a heady sense of renewed confidence.

2. Our men in the field are absolute tops. That most of us already knew. But here's one thing more. The men in Washington seem just as good! They're young; they're full of vigor and enthusiasm; they appear to be on the ball every minute of the time. My group was in no sense a lot of dreamy-eyed optimists or men likely to be impressed by titles and trappings. It included hard-bitten realists like Hugh Ferry, president of Packard; Tom Millsop, president of Weirton Steel; Frank Schroth, publisher of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; George Cross, president of the University of Oklahoma; Father Robert Gannon, of Fordham fame; Colonel Tom Barton, of Lion Oil; Bill Wasserman, of Wall Street; Phil Zenner of the McBride Co.; Hugh Moffett, of *Life* magazine; Arthur Adams, new president of the American Council on Education; Max Fillet, of Pepsi-Cola; Webster N. Jones, dean of Carnegie Tech; L. R. Vaniman, vice president of Fruehauf; Mark Ellingson, president of Rochester Tech; John Algeo, vice president of Hazel-Atlas; Dr. William Brooks, one of the leaders of the Presbyterian Church; Fred Atkinson, of R. H. Macy's; and Editors Ferger of Cincinnati, Hall of Mason City, Kerney of Trenton, and Ashworth of Columbus (I mention those whom I had the opportunity of meeting most intimately). I think all of us were particularly impressed by Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army; General J. Lawton ("Lightning Joe") Collins, Army Chief of Staff; Tom Finletter, new Secretary of the Air Force, and his dynamic Chief of Staff, General Hoyt Vandenberg; William Webster, chairman of the Research and Development Board, and Sumner Pike, storm center of the Atomic Energy Commission. Mr. Pike's recent victory in the Senate was a triumph for good



—U. S. Air Force Photo. *—U. S. Army Photo.* *—Dept. of Defense Photo.*

Thomas J. Finletter, Gen. J. Lawton Collins, Frank Pace—youth, vigor, enthusiasm.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government over sordid and petty political considerations.

3. Unification is really working. Deeply ingrained jealousies are not eliminated overnight. A certain amount of healthy rivalry between the Army, Navy, and Air Force is, in fact, highly desirable. But that we now have a single team, operating with constantly increasing smoothness under alert, capable leadership, is something that is apparent to the veriest tyro.

4. Steve Early, Deputy Secretary of Defense, is, of course, one of the best men in Washington, but what delighted me most on this tour was the multiplying evidence of the efficiency of the much maligned Secretary himself, Louis Johnson. Just back from a wearying trip to Japan, Mr. Johnson flew down to Norfolk the very next day to address the JOC aboard the *Midway*. His sincerity seemed unmistakable. This is no truckler to public acclaim, no diplomat to insure a good press for himself by fanning the egomaniacal urges of famous syndicated columnists. He goes about his business as he sees it, and if they damn him for it, takes it philosophically as one of the penalties for entering public life in Washington today. Mr. Johnson sums up the job of Secretary of Defense as deciding: (a) what you have to do, (b) what it takes, (c) who does it. Korea will provide the test of Mr. Johnson's judgment. Incidentally, he says he has a fourth job—very difficult indeed—and that is to cut out the expense of maintaining useless anachronisms like old Civil War forts and outmoded Coast Guard installations. Every economy move in that direction wins him a new quota of virulent and articulate enemies. . . .

IT WAS AN INTERESTING STUDY in human behavior to watch sixty total strangers, who eyed one another like fighting cocks when first they met at the Statler in Washington, jell into a homogeneous unit, vowing lifelong friendships, as a result of ten days of common experiences and thrills shared on sun-baked fields in the South and at sea aboard a mighty carrier. Like every group, the Seventh Joint Orientation Conference had its Life of the Party—an irrepressible, Puckish legal light named Robert Walker, from Iowa, who delighted everybody from four-star generals to tough non-coms. Walker succeeded in getting lost one night under the noses of the entire Third Infantry Division, turning up inexplicably in a town called Phoenix City, Alabama, where he has been proposed for mayor. Led back into captivity, Walker promptly endorsed Hugh Ferry's recipe for a hangover: squeeze the juice from two quarts of Scotch. He first won the group's attention at the Pentagon Building. "If our enemies have the atomic bomb," predicted someone, "I'll bet they'll drop the first one right here." "What?" cried Walker, "and destroy all this confusion?" . . .

MOST OF THE GENERALS and admirals at the Pentagon (nobody lower than a colonel ever dares venture out of the cracks in the woodwork) make it clear they are there through no choice of their own. One said he couldn't decide which gave him the worst pain in the same place: the wooden bleachers at Fort Benning or life in the Pentagon. . . . Covering the Pentagon beat for *The New York Times*, incidentally, is Austin Stevens, late of the book department. . . . Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army, told of his first day in the field with a regiment of tough veterans. A ser-

geant watched him dig a foxhole without saying a word. "How'm I doing?" demanded Pace finally. The sergeant allowed, "A couple of live shells would improve your technique." A private with an open camera watched Pace, too, but made no move to snap his picture. "Camera broken?" asked Pace. "Not at all," answered the private. "You see, Mr. Secretary, that's my foxhole and I want to get your picture when you've finished digging it." . . .

F. J. LAWTON, director of the Bureau of the Budget, made this sobering comparison: a Russian private gets about $18 a year; an American GI $1,080. A Russian general earns $2,000 a year, an American general $11,000. He says an official once asked a Russian general, "How do you provide for your privates in winter time?" The general explained, "We just turn 'em loose in the forest, tell 'em to take care of themselves and come back in the spring." . . . Felix Larkin, general counsel of the Office of the Secretary of Defense, reminded the JOC that the Berlin Air Lift, in 462 days, made 276,211 flights, fed two and a half million people, and transported 2,322,242 tons of food and fuel! . . . Larkin's description of Unification in 1947: "The Army was an overardent bridegroom, the Navy an overreluctant bride. The Air Force was born on the day of the marriage." . . .

AT FORT BENNING, Georgia (the population of the post exceeds 30,000; the area comprises 282 square miles), the JOC had its first taste of life in the field, and the sounding of reveille at 5:45 A.M. provoked a stream of reminiscences of World War I which were, unfortunately, listened to by nobody. . . . A display of our remarkable new recoilless weapons (and other arms still considered secret) had the audience gasping. There also were exploded shells with four different colors of smoke (for signaling purposes): red, green, yellow, and violet. "Good heavens," exclaimed one JOC-ing Eye, "They're making war beautiful." The disgust of Archy Alexander, Under Secretary of the Army, was only exceeded by that of the first-year class of West Point (also present at the demonstration) when the regimental band bravely struck up the refrain of the Notre Dame football song. . . . The airborne troops begin their parachute training in a control tower exactly like the one that packed them in at the New York World's Fair and is now operating at Steeplechase Park. The stunts they perform just five weeks later give you goose pimples! . . . Inevitably, somebody told the story of the parachutist who stuttered. When his group made its first jump the instructions were, "Count ten, then pull the handle that releases your parachute." The stutterer's companions were floating gently to the ground when he plummeted by, his parachute unopened. "The poor bastard," mourned his pal. "I knew he couldn't count to ten!"

One of the guests of honor at the official reception in the officers' mess was the retired head of the Infantry School, General P. B. Malone, a peppery seventy-eight, with a disconcerting habit of referring to the incumbent commandant, Major General Burress, as "Pinky." Gen. Malone remarked, "So you're Bennett Cerf of

Random House." "Yes," I said, "and I'm proud to make your acquaintance." "The hell you are," said Gen. Malone. "You turned down my novel!" I think I persuaded him to resubmit it to me personally. . . .

IT WAS AT OUR NEXT STOP, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, that I had my unforgettable ride in a jet fighter plane. It all began over cocktails with

(*Continued on page 6*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

July 22, 1950

Cover Photo by Wide World

Background of Conflict in Asia

Article Page

TOO LATE TO SAVE ASIA?
By Wolf I. Ladejinsky..... 7

Reviews

KOREA TODAY
Reviewed by James M. Minifie..... 9
INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER
Reviewed by Dorothy Norman.....10
THE STAKES OF DEMOCRACY IN SOUTHEAST ASIA
THE LEFT WING IN SOUTHEAST ASIA
Reviewed by Edgar Snow.....12
THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN
Reviewed by Kenneth S. Latourette.13

Article

THE CARE AND TREATMENT OF YOUNG WRITERS
By Cynthia Hobart Gleason.....26

General Reviews

HE, THE FATHER
Reviewed by J. G. Hitrec.....14
TWO ADOLESCENTS
Reviewed by Kathleen Sproul.....15
ONE BIG FAMILY
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay..15
POEMS IN ENGLISH: 1530-1940
Reviewed by Mary M. Colum.....17
MID-CENTURY AMERICAN POETS
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer..18
COLLECTED POEMS: GLENN WARD DRESBACH
TOWARD THE METAL SUN
Reviewed by A. M. Sullivan.....19
THE LITTLE PRINCESSES
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor.....28
A MAINE MAN IN THE MAKING
Reviewed by Henry Beston.....29
WILLIAM HENRY BELK
Reviewed by Charles S. Sydnor.....30
THE AGE OF INDISCRETION
Reviewed by Alvin F. Harlow.....30
COMES THE COMRADE!
Reviewed by Edmund Demaitre....31
THOMAS W. SALMON: PSYCHIATRIST
Reviewed by Bertram Schaffner, M. D......32
S. WEIR MITCHELL, PHYSICIAN AND NOVELIST
Reviewed by Marguerite Clark.....33

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 3
LITERARY CRYPT 16
LITERARY I.Q. 18
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....21
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23
THE FILM FORUM
By Emily S. Jones.....27
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 39
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 852.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. DeGolyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 29, July 22, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

EVER SINCE the mariners of all Europe sought a direct route to the riches of the East, Asia has been a potent influence on the affairs of Western man. Today no intelligent American or European would speak of Korea as "a small country a long way off" — as Neville Chamberlain once referred to Czechoslovakia. But many of us, at this juncture, know less about Asia than self-interest requires. Among the pertinent Oxford books, the following should be particularly valuable now.

Soviet Russia

STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Isaac Deutscher $5.00
POLITICAL POWER IN THE U.S.S.R., 1917-1947. By Julian Towster $6.00
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, 1929-1941. By Max Beloff. Vol. I, $3.00; Vol. II, $4.25

China

MANCHURIA SINCE 1931. By F. C. Jones $3.50
PEASANT LIFE IN CHINA. By Hsiao-Tung Fei $2.50
GREAT BRITAIN AND CHINA, 1833-1860. By W. C. Costin $5.00
INTRODUCTION TO CHINESE ART AND HISTORY. By Arnold Silcock $5.00

Japan

NEW PATHS FOR JAPAN. By Harold Wakefield $3.75
EASTERN INDUSTRIALIZATION AND ITS EFFECT ON THE WEST. By G. E. Hubbard $6.00

India

OUR INDIA. By M. R. Masani $3.00
INDIA, PAKISTAN, AND THE WEST. By T. G. Spear $2.00
AT FREEDOM'S DOOR. By M. L. Darling $4.25
INDIA'S POSTWAR RECONSTRUCTION AND ITS INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS. By P. S. Lokanathan $1.25
PRESSURE OF POPULATION AND ECONOMIC EFFICIENCY IN INDIA By D. Ghosh $1.50
INTRODUCTION TO INDIA. By R. R. Moraes and Robert Stimson $1.25

Indo-China

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF FRENCH INDO-CHINA. By Charles Robequain $4.00

Tibet

THE PEOPLE OF TIBET. By Sir Charles Bell $5.00
THE RELIGION OF TIBET. By Sir Charles Bell $6.50

Burma

EUROPE AND BURMA. By D. G. E. Hall $4.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The very heart of Japan is revealed in this intensely interesting inside story of what the Japanese are really like and where they are headed

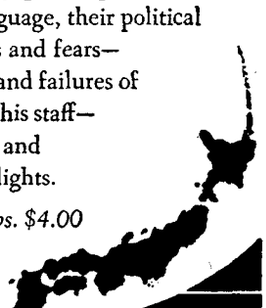
THE United States AND Japan

BY EDWIN O. REISCHAUER

Edwin Reischauer, who has spent 17 years in Japan, writes about the Japanese people without malice but with acute awareness of what we call their glaring faults.

He pictures the Japanese past, their morals, arts, language, their political and social hopes and fears—and the success and failures of MacArthur and his staff—with rare clarity and fascinating sidelights.

With maps. $4.00



THE UNITED STATES AND SCANDINAVIA
By Franklin D. Scott

Introduction by Sumner Welles. Foreword by Lithgow Osborne. "A little encyclopedia of what we most need to know about the Northern democracies and their states of welfare and their claim on our military, economic, and political cooperation." – HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Saturday Review.* $4.00

PUBLIC OPINION IN SOVIET RUSSIA
By Alex Inkeles. How the Soviet Union molds Russian minds and wills by making use of the press, radio, cinema, and several million oral agitators. $5.00

At all bookstores, or
Harvard University Press
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Hal Stuart, dashing young Assistant Secretary of the Air Force and classmate of my wife, Phyllis, at good old Classon High, in Oklahoma City. Hal decided to tell a story about a farmer who owned a very tough ram but discovered that music soothed its savage breast. Headed for town one day, the farmer reminded his son, "If that ram gets rambunctious just put a record on the victrola." When he returned home he discovered that the ram had plunged against an iron fence and committed suicide. "Did you play music like I told you?" he demanded of the son. "I sure did," said the boy, "but the record I chose seemed to drive him crazy. It was Frank Sinatra singing 'There'll Never Be Another Ewe.'" . . . I told Stuart, "If I've got to listen to jokes like that I demand a ride in a jet plane as retribution." To my horror, he took me seriously. The next afternoon Captain Jack Fallon, of the 3,200th Fighter Test Squadron, equipped me with a Mae West and a parachute, clapped a crash helmet over my head, and strapped me into a two-seated F-80 "Shooting Star" jet plane. "If we have to bail out," he counseled me, "push this button. It will eject you and the seat you're strapped to from the plane. Then count 'one thousand—two thousand—three thousand—' and pull your parachute buckle." I was too plumb scared to answer. With a roar we were off over the Gulf of Mexico at the modest speed of 510 miles an hour. I had just about recovered my breath when we zoomed up to a cloud bank. "Wonder how it will feel to go through the clouds in this thing," I asked myself. But we didn't go through. Suddenly we headed straight up to the sky. I felt a pressure against the back of my neck and we shot from 3,000 feet to 10,000 in about fifteen seconds flat. At the crest of the cloud bank good old Captain Jack dove downward, revolving the plane completely three times in the process. My discovery of a small mirror in front of and above

me just about saved the day for me. I've seen expressions of sheer, stark terror in my life but the face that looked back at me from that mirror was in a class by itself. The crash helmet jammed down over my glasses just about completed the picture. I burst out laughing. "How'd you like that?" asked Captain Fallon cheerfully through the speaking tube. I managed to reply weakly, "Get me out of here, you so and so." By this time we must have been above the outskirts of New Orleans. Later it occurred to me that we might have had dinner at Antoine's. At the moment I wasn't thinking about food. Thirty-one minutes later we swooped back onto the field (at an angle of ninety degrees), came to a stop, and a squad of about ten or fifteen succeeded in extricating me from the plane. There was nothing wrong with me that three straight mint juleps couldn't cure. . . . That night I made a speech that sent all the others clamoring for jet rides. The air was full of petrified VIP's the next day. I must have cost the Air Force a pretty penny. . . .

WELL, AFTER THAT JET RIDE, a tour through the climatic hangar (the temperature there was forty degrees below zero; when I came out my glasses remained frozen over for fifteen minutes) was routine stuff. I even failed to respond when a tailor lost a pair of my sports pants and three colonels were dispatched to look for them. . . . The last thing we saw at Eglin was a B-36 (two and a half times the size of a B-29!) drop a stick of bombs that destroyed a series of targets five miles long. It was an awesome sight—and I only hope some of our potential enemies have seen it. . . . Our best and jolliest meal at Eglin was served at the Non-Com Club (which has just loaned the Officers Club $18,000 to help keep it afloat!). . . .

The next day we boarded the *Midway* and the Navy's famous Captain Jimmy Flatley told us about the Korean attack as we steamed out to sea. Planes landed on the carrier deck and took off moments later, submarines submerged and snorkeled, a drone was catapulted from the deck and sunk by amazingly accurate ship fire, and night operations were more spectacular still. But how much excitement can you absorb in ten short days?

I came home revitalized and simply busting to shout from the housetops this deep-felt conviction: when and if a war comes with Russia or anybody else this country is blessed with the basic equipment and leadership to knock hell out of them. We need more fighter planes and more carriers. We need more men in the armed forces. Our intelligence and propaganda departments need bolstering most of all. The money already allotted to defense has been, on the whole, wisely spent. In light of day-to-day news developments, increased appropriations are not only a wise investment but an absolute "must." When your life is at stake, you don't haggle over the cost. —BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Too Late to Save Asia?

WOLF I. LADEJINSKY

THE CHINESE peasant seemed out of his mind. He kept jumping up and down, making strange gestures with his fingers and palms, working them in a semicircular fashion around his mouth. My interpreter chatted with him briefly, then explained the situation to me. It was the paper the peasant held in his hand that caused his hysteria. That paper was the deed to the single acre of land which he had worked as a tenant for the past thirty-two years. Now that precious acre of land belonged to him!

This scene, which I witnessed not long ago in the courtyard of the land office of the small village of Kwangsi, deep in the heart of China, epitomizes the problem and promise of all Asia. It sums up the present and perhaps the future of a continent where agrarian discontent is gnawing at the vitals of the old order. It is on this strife the Communists have been able to capitalize so successfully by posing as advocates of reforms designed to benefit the peasantry.

If the Chinese peasant of Kwangsi who seemed mad with joy is the symbol of the promise, the threat was stated by Kipling:

His speech is mortgaged bedding,
  On his kine he borrows yet,
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
  In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
  He toils and he may not stop,
His life is a long-drawn question,
  Between a crop and a crop.

Kipling was not one to neglect his poetic license but his picture is not actually overdrawn in hopelessness. For in 1950 the Asiatic peasant is no better off than he was in the late Nineties, when Kipling wrote. The Communists are translating Kipling into political language. They know that Asia's problem is the problem of land.

Four-fifths of the continent's vast population are peasants. Agriculture, not industry, is the pivot of its economic life. Industry has made but a small dent in the character of Asia, notwithstanding oil gushers in Iran, tin mines in Malaya and Siam, jute and cotton mills in India. The ambitious postwar schemes for industrialization throughout Asia as yet remain mostly blueprints. The factory may bring material advancement to the Asians some day but that day is in the distant future. The heart of the problem of Asia today lies in the countryside. It is on the farm where solutions must be sought and found.

In the Chengtu Plain of Szechwan, the richest granary of China, where I traveled last fall, the farmers, who had just harvested excellent crops, seemed concerned with just one idea —how to secure enough rice for themselves and their families, how to fill the empty rice bowls and add to the half-empty ones. The discontent I sensed in Szechwan is typical of the many regions I visited in recent years in other parts of the Far East, Southeast Asia, and the Middle East. An overworked and overexploited peasantry that for centuries was inertly miserable is now alertly miserable.

The reasons for the age-old wretchedness of the Asiatic peasant can be summarized in a brief sentence: too many people, too little land. Pitifully small holdings, inadequate tools, and institutional arrangements over which the peasant has no control intensify

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Korea and the Far East: A Brief Reading List

A MONTH ago Korea and indeed the whole continent of Asia seemed remote and unreal; with the sudden thawing of the cold war many Americans have begun searching their bookstores and their library shelves for volumes that will give them some notion of the significance of what is transpiring there. The five recently published books on the Far East reviewed on the next few pages are highly recommended for the purpose. Equally useful are the following books published in recent years:

"Soviet Russia and the Far East," by David J. Dallin (Yale), $5.
"The Rise of Russia in Asia," by David J. Dallin (Yale), $5.
"Agrarian Unrest in Southeast Asia," by Erich H. Jacoby (Columbia), $4.
"The Pivot of Asia," by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown), $2.50.
"The Situation in Asia," by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown), $2.75.
"American-Russian Relations in the Far East," by Pauline Tompkins (Macmillan), $5.
"No Peace for Asia," by Harold R. Isaacs (Macmillan), $3.50.
"China Shakes the World," by Jack Belden (Harper), $5.
"Japan: Enemy or Ally," by W. Macmahon Ball (John Day), $3.
"Japan Since Perry," by Chitoshi Yanaga (McGraw-Hill), $6.
"The Western World and Japan," by G. B. Sansom (Knopf), $6.

his plight. A large part of the misery and hunger arises from the relationship between the peasants and the landowners, a relationship which the courts and local officials have given official sanction through the centuries. The peasants have been obliged to pay exorbitant rentals for they have no bargaining power. Nor is their contract of tenancy worth the paper it is written on; it may be altered or abrogated at any time at the whim of the landlord.

The peasants of Asia have never been satisfied with this state of affairs. They have often raised horny hands against persons and governments which they believed were the causes of their distress. But in the main, until very recently, the conservatism and inertia of the farmer and his ingrained, feudal subservience to the state and to his landlord kept the pot from boiling over. Now the forces that keep the peasant within well-defined bounds are breaking down under rising agrarian discontent. The peasantry is at last in motion. The Communists have exploited this fact and placed it in the center of Asiatic politics. It is only one side that has known how to exploit this overwhelming question and to place it in the center of Asiatic politics where it belongs.

The catastrophe of China is a case in point. Many are the reasons that explain the victory of the Communists and why in 1949 Nationalist China could not boast of a single Leonidas holding a single Thermopylae. But one cause seems to me beyond dispute: Nationalist China was pressed and pushed over not so much by force of arms as by the Russian Communist tactic of giving land to the poverty-stricken, landless, hopeless peasantry.

Is there any wonder that peasants living on the ragged edge of penury are easy marks for Communists, who are masters in the art of exploiting agrarian discontent for their own political ends? The peasants know nothing and care less about "Marxism, Leninism, and Stalinism" and they are surely not eager for collectivization. The Communists, however, promise them not collectivization as it exists in the Soviet Union but land with which the peasants may do as they please. And the peasants, in sheer despair, believe the promises, if for no other reason than that thus far in Asia the Communists have not yet had the opportunity to betray their promises as they did in Russia when they eventually nationalized and took away the land from the peasants and herded them into collective farms at the point of a bayonet.

Every revolution invokes the name of Liberty, but the concept of Liberty is always shaped by the existing economic and social needs. For the Russian peasants liberty meant the ownership of the lord's land. The Communist promise in 1917, which ultimately was broken, that the land would belong to them fell on the eager ears of peasant-soldiers, who promptly left the front-lines, rifle in hand, and went home to divide it. As Lenin put it, taunting his opponents, the peasants voted with their feet for distribution of the soil. Thus, Lenin and his party succeeded in "cornering" what Karl Marx called "the peasant chorus without which the (proletarian) battle cry will degenerate into just another swan song." The Communists would never have obtained power in Russia had they not successfully exploited the peasants' longing for the landlords' acres.

Toward the end of his life Lenin despaired of a Communist victory in Western Europe. He visualized the final crucial battle as a conflict between a Communistic East and a capitalistic West. In this struggle China and India were to join Russia as the forces of Communism. To win Chinese and Indian support Stalin developed a program for those countries consisting of three stages: a struggle against foreign imperialism, an agrarian revolution under the leadership of the Communist Party, and, finally, a proletarian dictatorship. The key step was to be the wooing of the peasants.

It is in connection with this step that the Chinese Communists have assumed a role which has led many observers mistakenly to assume that they are "mere agrarian reformers." Actually they played this role because, according to Communist theory, the road to political power and dictatorship in China lay through the sponsorship of agrarian reform—"land for the landless." To satisfy the innermost needs of the peasantry was only a means to a large end, which has little to do with the welfare of the peasants.

Stalin's "three-stage" program of revolution, as exemplified by China, is now being exported to Indo-China, to Burma, the Philippines, and Indonesia, and even into little-known Hyderabad. The revolt last year in Hyderabad was a peasant uprising, about the largest, and for a brief moment perhaps the most effective, in Asia outside of China, and it was under Communist leadership. The uprising was finally crushed and the Communists jailed, yet it is worth noting that as in China the peasants of Hyderabad were not enticed by Communist dogma but merely followed the welcome Communist bait of "Land and Liberty in Asia."

There are fertile fields for the Communist strategy in other parts of India and Pakistan. I found plenty of evidence of this in a visit to a typical Pakistan village during the spring of last year. All 100 families who resided in the village were tenants of a single absentee landlord. Yields had been declining. I asked the assembled villagers for the reason. "Our land," replied one of the tenants, "is like a pitcherful of water, from which we keep pouring out while nothing is being poured in." "Why don't you pour something in?" I asked. "How can we?" countered the tenant. "The landlord's share is so high that we would benefit very little." The tenants had no incentive to improve the land. The landlord received too much and the tenant too little.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many people wouldn't hesitate to approve of a revolutionary movement if it is the only way the common man can secure his elementary wants. But we must realize how serious a threat an agrarian revolution could be at this point of history, even if the upheaval seems justifiable from that point of view. The only way to thwart Communist designs on Asia is to preclude such revolutionary outbursts through timely reforms, peacefully, before the peasants take the law into their own hands and set the countryside ablaze. But reforms, if they are to have a lasting effect, must come not only from opposition to Communism, but from an honest purpose and plan to raise the status of the peasantry.

Encouraging in the seemingly dismal situation in Asia is the fact that the American agrarian tradition of "40 acres and a mule," or an Asian variety thereof, offers a better solution of the agrarian problem than the new Communist ideology. This is quite apart from the consideration that the latest events in China and the implied threat to the rest of Asia oblige us to bolster our position there with something more lasting and effective than we have done thus far. The positive and prompt decision to place the peasant "in the center of the piece," as Nehru once put it, is essential if non-Communist regimes are to survive.

According to Nehru, India and Asia as a whole are confronted with no more urgent tasks than agrarian readjustment. This presupposes: (1) The improvement of agricultural techniques in order to raise farm production; (2) An approximation to an adequate standard of life through raising the output per man, providing good credit and marketing facilities,

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Wide World.*

War orphan, vintage 1950.

Two Sides of the Far East Fight

KOREA TODAY. By George M. McCune, with the collaboration of Arthur L. Grey, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 372 *pp.* $5.

By James M. Minifie

LIEUT. GEN. Walter Bedell Smith recently remarked to a Senate subcommittee that the North Koreans were "fighting like devils" but the Southern divisions were breaking up and going home.

He attributed this to superior propaganda on the Communist side and went on to say that military power, economic strength, and propaganda were equally important in modern warfare.

General Smith's views are significantly illustrated by this publication from the Harvard University Press. Here we have for the first time a rounded, profound, and scholarly study of the Southern Korean scene, and as much as it has been possible for outsiders to obtain and deduce about developments in the Northern part of the peninsula. The reasons behind the startling difference between the military, economic, and morale potential of the two states may be found therein. Publication was hastened by events but the work had been in preparation many years.

Korea had a long history of peaceful development in a vague "tributary" status to China. It acquired a sense of nationality, a single language, and an alphabet which admirably served it. Movable metal type was developed there fifty years before Gutenberg. Encyclopedias and histories were produced and a mild government established on strict Confucian principles. In 1572 Admiral Yi Sunsin invented the iron-clad, which broke the strength of the Japanese Navy. Independence was abruptly ended in 1910, when the country came into Japanese hands.

The thirty-eighth parallel (in the Western Hemisphere it runs about thirty miles north of Richmond, Va.) cuts through provinces and even towns. One port was put out of commission because industries were south of the line and the port facilities north of it. The Northern and Southern areas are complementary. The North has most of the heavy industry and grain-growing. The South runs to consumer industry and rice. Both areas are integrated with the Japanese economy.

Here are examples of both dependencies. South Korean fishermen are severely limited because they have been cut off from their North Korean sources of carbide, which is essential for the lamps they use for their night fishing. Again, Korea makes electric-light bulbs. The tungsten wire in them comes from Japan. The wire is made from ore mined in Korea.

The economic interdependence of the two halves of Korea has not prevented the development of factionalism, which, of course, is at present being intensified. For generations there has been strong social and political opposition between the two areas. The Southerner considers the Northern Korean uncouth, uneducated, and a trouble-maker. The Northerner believes his neighbor to be lazy, effete, lacking ambition, and a scheming rascal. The Northern area has a revolutionary reputation.

At the end of the war the United States and Russia met in a conference set up by the military commanders to work out a united government. The conference failed, as did its successors. Both countries set up governments in their own image or reasonable approximation thereof. The Soviets did it more skilfully. Their democratic people's Republic of Korea appeared, at least on the surface, to have authority. General Hodge in South Korea said bluntly, "The only government is military government."

The Russians followed a policy of placing trustworthy Korean protégés in positions of power and of allowing them to exercise control, a policy which was in strong contrast to the American one of exercising control directly and selecting (in as democratic a fashion as possible) Korean personnel to fill in below.

The distinction is summed up thus:

> Most observers agreed that the Soviet system quite readily adapted itself to the Korean scene, or at least that it was much more easily adopted by the Koreans than was the Western democratic system sponsored by the American command. The mass of the Korean people in the North reacted favorably toward the Russian regime especially when it was accompanied by many of the revolutionary benefits of a Socialist society. In South Korea on the other hand the so-called fundamental freedoms of democratic society were not much appreciated by the Korean people in view of the lack of social reform and because of the irregularity with which democracy was applied.

One of the most urgent matters in both countries was land reform. American Military Government had a land-reform plan but held it up for two years on the grounds that the native government should introduce

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. The native government, once set up, was a landlord's government and obviously had no intention of disinheriting itself. So finally AMG had to put it through by direction.

Seven months after the beginning of the Russian occupation of North Korea a land-reform program was put into effect, which was undoubtedly regarded by the people of the Northern zone as a most important innovation. It was also a most effective propaganda agent in the South, probably the best the Russians had.

Spotted for confiscation were lands of Japanese, "traitors," landlords (in excess of 12.25 acres), absentee owners, and shrines and temples (in excess of 12.25 acres).

> The fact was that 981,390 chungbo, 50 per cent of the farmland in 1946, was distributed among 725,000 farm families under the program. Barring the most gross and unlikely shortcomings, scarcely any act could have had a wider impact. If land reform in North Korea were to press toward collectivization, however, this initial attitude of the Korean peasants might change profoundly. But that stage of Communist planning was still in the future.

Both American and Russian suzerains trained and organized Korean armies. The North Korean army is estimated at 150,000 men. "This army had been organized, equipped, and trained by the Soviets and was reported to be in excellent fighting condition," say the authors.

In South Korea an army-constabulary of 26,000 men was formed by the American command. It was rapidly enlarged. But neither in training, equipment, nor morale was it the equal of the Northerners. We were clearly responsible for the lack of training and equipment since we provided what there was. Were we equally responsible for the poor morale of the Southern forces?

The verdict of the authors is that our own revolutionary convictions are nearly 200 years old and we no longer appear to have the courage of them.

Jawaharlal Nehru's Book of Job

INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER. By Jawaharlal Nehru. New York: The John Day Co. 403 pp. $4.

By Dorothy Norman

BOTH the orthdox left and the orthodox right will be made uncomfortable by Jawaharlal Nehru's latest book to reach America—a collection of post-liberation speeches delivered mainly between Indian Independence Day, August 15, 1947, and 1949.

The orthodox left will be irritated because Nehru has committed the unpardonable sin of revising abstract social theory in conformity with changing social realities — and without forsaking principle.

The orthodox right will be disturbed because a popular revolutionary leader has proved himself capable of governing wisely upon becoming the responsible head of a new and highly complex state—again without sacrificing principle.

Since one of the major tragedies of our time is that so few practical idealists are ready selflessly to dedicate their lives to shouldering political responsibility, the fact that Nehru should now be functioning so successfully as free India's first Prime Minister should hearten everyone.

Indeed, the new collection of speeches should swiftly take its place on that same shelf of classics containing Nehru's earlier books. For, as in the case of so much of his previous writing, it includes both indispensable historical record and eloquent exposition of the ideas of perhaps the most fearless and civilized practising political philosopher of our day.

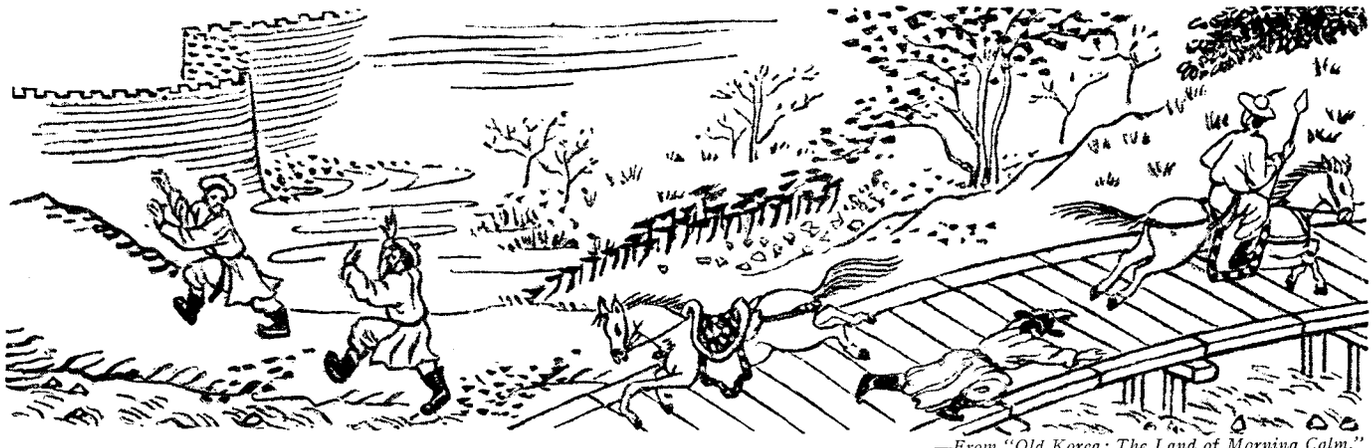
One particular joy for the reader is that Nehru's public statements are so warmly personal, that in the main they are delivered extemporaneously (and read that way), and that they are not ghost-written. But, so far as content is concerned, the new utterances may well be described as fairly ridden with ghosts—ghosts from the past that might easily have destroyed the infant state of India had not the greatest care been exercised. And new obstacles and catastrophes that are deeply disturbing: the partition of India and Pakistan, "desecration" of Kashmir, violence in Hyderabad, the death of Gandhi, economic disequilibrium and disastrous shortages. All of which makes the new volume read like some modern Book of Job.

But, even as with Job himself, there is the indomitable strength to rise above all tribulation, the same intrepid spirit that made independence itself a reality.

Ghosts of a tragic past must be cast out and new paths opened. With extraordinary lack of bitterness or desire for vengeance obituaries are delivered to British rule and the princely states. India is exhorted to exorcise the lingering blight of empire, feudalism, Communism, separatism, provincialism; to adopt a new attitude with respect to political responsibility. It is no longer enough simply to blame all on "government"; to sit back and expect all to be done from on high, as under the British; to speak of rights without being ready to assume obligations. We *are* the Government now, warns Nehru. And *we are sentenced to hard labor.*

The voice of the new Nehru is heard: noncooperation—even strikes and demonstrations—, proclaims the former resistance leader, may all have had their value in the past. Now, however, we must cooperate, pull together, produce—establish our stability—all in the best interests of the country as a whole. Let there be no misunderstanding, either, about our joining the British Commonwealth now that we are free. Cooperation for the common good must be undertaken on the widest possible scale.

Antiquated slogans pertaining to



"Independence Day." —*From "Old Korea: The Land of Morning Calm."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socialism, Communism, industrial capitalism must be scrapped. The theory according to which Socialism is equated with the taking over of existing industry is found by Nehru to be meaningless for India. Existing industry, he maintains, will soon be outmoded. Thus the task of the new Government is rather to build vast new power and irrigation projects according to the most modern methods so that extensive new industries, new efficiency, new productivity of the land may result. Let the State, he proposes, acquire "the new processes, the new changes, and not the old, except when the old obstructs . . ." And let there be no idle talk about distribution when there has as yet been so little production.

One heritage from the past, he pleads, is not to be overthrown: the teaching of Gandhi. Violence is not to be indulged in. It is claimed that there is no wish to dominate anyone. But—and if this were more clearly understood there would have been less surprise when India voted in favor of the recent U. N. Security Council resolution on Korea, despite her pronounced neutrality—if there is to be aggression anywhere force must be put down *even with force*. Everything must first be done to avoid conflict. But if one has not yet achieved the power to turn the other cheek empty words about nonviolence are without meaning. Evil and untruth in one's own life are themselves forms of violence. Indeed, violence committed in a narrow sphere is even more degrading than that occurring in a wider one. But there must be freedom to decide on the merits of each case of aggression as it arises—whether at home or abroad.

In many ways a new Nehru. One more flexible, more mature, perhaps. But one, nevertheless, dedicated as of old to wiping out untouchability, poverty, disease, ignorance; to fighting exploitation, bigotry, suppression, intolerance, injustice, materialism, narrow nationalism. And above all, fear.

A continuing wish is manifested to combine economic and political democracy; to help destroy existing empires and to see that no new ones are permitted to arise. There is the same respect as of old for self-discipline, fine craftsmanship, beauty, sensibility, a happy combination of open-mindedness and the best of tradition—all exquisitely reflected in Nehru's own style of address. There is the same engaging ability to challenge his own imperfections as well as those of his countrymen, to remain unspoiled by mass adulation. The same inability to play safe with ideas, pander to audiences, woo with oratorical flourishes and bland promises.

Nehru: "We are sentenced to hard labor."

Since the West is frankly bewildered by so much of recent Indian policy it would do well to read "Independence and After." For it comes from the lips of the man who has done most to mold and direct that policy. But it should be remembered that that policy has evolved during a period when India has continued to suffer from wounds of empire and from a general distrust of a world that has permitted colonialism to persist so long.

Although many Indians have criticized the West for confusing the rising tide of nationalism in the East with Communism, and have even gone so far as to consider our so-called hysteria about Russia as a form of ideological interventionism, they have looked upon their own pleading in behalf of wiping out existing colonialism as entirely justifiable. No doubt it will take even more than Nehru's own most recent statement that Communism in Southeast Asia has been going against nationalist movements to destroy a firmly entrenched distrust that we ourselves are not sincerely interested in destroying colonial remnants. How else does distrust of America, in particular, manifest itself? It is felt by many Indians that our supposed hysteria has had even further disastrous repercussions: that it has caused us to sacrifice civil liberties at home and foment power-bloc tensions abroad (precisely what we accuse the Russians of doing); to attach strings to aid we give and to give it only as a bulwark against Communism rather than because we have any humane feeling or respect for those in need. We are accused of excessive materialism and of building up a new dollar empire, of having color prejudice not only against Negroes but against all people of color everywhere.

Surely if we wish to be understood we must also understand. India and America, like all who are interested in maintaining freedom everywhere, need one another desperately in this crucial period—both to spread and to protect economic and political democracy for all. Nehru's new book, then, despite its many seeming paradoxes, is so eminently the expression of a fair and enlightened mind that it should help in breaking down some of the barriers and mutual mistrust that have been growing between the two countries. And it has the value of containing, in addition to all else, the most authentic record one is likely to find of the new India's plans and progress.

Dorothy Norman, editor of a number of volumes including "Art and Action" and "The Selected Writings of John Marin," has just returned from a trip to India.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Master Minds' Maneuvering Ground

THE STAKES OF DEMOCRACY IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By H. J. Van Mook. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 312 pp. $3.75.

THE LEFT WING IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 286 pp. $4.

By EDGAR SNOW

BETWEEN China on the north and Australia on the south, lying athwart the Indian Ocean and the Far Pacific, are six nations which form the richest and most enchanting corner of Asia. Formerly they exported twice as much foodstuffs as India and China combined; before the war they were the world's chief source of rubber, tin, and quinine. They possess valuable mineral and oil resources, and great fertile areas are still in primeval forest. Until recently they meant little to Americans beyond the romantic images evoked by exotic place names such as Zamboanga, Pnom Penh, Saigon, Bangkok, Soerabaja. Now the political existence of Southeast Asia is being steadily hammered into our consciousness as newly independent nations there become a maneuvering ground for master minds.

Indonesia, Malaya, Thailand, Burma, Indo-China, and the Philippines cover a land area of about 1,600,000 square miles washed by vast strategic seas. Their combined population has increased from fewer than 100 millions in 1920 to something like 160 millions today. Demographic experts predict 300 millions by 1970—assuming that the region is not depopulated by H-bombs. There is a close ethnical kinship among the Malays, the Filipinos, and the Indonesians, on the one hand, and the Vietnamese, Cambodians, Thais, and Burmese, on the other hand. But this is a racially heterogeneous area, with ancient cultures in dramatic transition, varying from the gentle, fair-skinned Shans of Northern Burma to the fierce, frizzy-haired cannibals of New Guinea and the timid Negritos of the Philippines.

Each of these nations has the prerequisites of a nation. In each, also, a medley of minority peoples and tongues must be reconciled to domination by a major nationality. Not one of these states is a military power of much more consequence, say, than Korea. But they could one day combine a formidable array of might. A Southeast Asian federation is as logical a dream—if not necessity—as a West European union.

One cannot yet speak of the whole

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Storm Warning Over Southeast Asia."

area as free: Indo-China and Malaya still have a semicolonial status. But Ho Chih-minh's Vietnamese nationalists tie down most of France's armed forces in a protracted struggle for independence, and only astute manipulation of Malay fears of the large indigenous Chinese population enables the British to retain their base —which used to be called a "stronghold"—in Singapore. With the restoration of native sovereignty across Southeast Asia, together with Indian independence and a radical, anti-imperialist revolution in China, the East has torn itself loose from more than a century of political control by Western Europe.

That is probably the most important result of World War II. In the long view it may prove of greater meaning than anything that has happened in Europe itself to change the balance of world power.

The authors of the two books reviewed here are plainly much concerned because America has been slow to realize that—and slow to devise effective means to win the allegiance of Southeast Asians as equal partners in a non-Communist world. H. J. Van Mook, former lieutenant-governor of Java, recognizes that "the nations of Southeast Asia are not democratic in the sense which we give to the word." He also thinks that they are "*not* totalitarian." They "wish to be enlightened and persuaded" in matters of science and technique but not bossed. To win their confidence "the Western powers must first concede their complete independence and equality" unequivocally and "beyond doubt." Secondly, all economic aid must honestly be administered by men who accept "the economic and social interests of the country to be assisted" as the "sole" and paramount "directive."

Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff share Van Mook's uneasy feeling that to date neither of those conditions has been fulfilled. "It is quite possible," they write in "The Left Wing in Southeast Asia," "that Communist propaganda regarding the motives now chiefly prompting the Western democracies' efforts . . . will prove effective. Southeast Asians are quite likely to believe Communist spokesmen when they say that such aid as is being offered Southeast Asia derives not from spontaneous altruism but from the West's fear of Communism's competitive appeal."

Exactly why that assertion is labeled "Communist propaganda" is not clear to this reviewer. No one needs to be convinced that Communists indulge in falsehood. But the inference here appears to be that America's interest in aiding Southeast Asia does "derive from spontaneous altruism" rather than from "fear of Communism." I'd like to buy that but first I'd like to see it proved.

Van Mook's book is less roundabout in its political judgments. It is divided into three parts, of roughly equal length. The first outlines the history of Southeast Asia from early times, down through the British and Dutch invasions and colonization to the birth of nationalism. A hundred pages are devoted to the Japanese Occupation and its aftermath and to what the author calls the "unforeseen peace"—Japanese surrender to the United States, rather than "liberation" of Indonesia by the Dutch—followed by native seizure of power, which is described as "the nationalist revolt." A third section deals with the future of the region and covers events of the past five years, with some of which Van Mook was intimately connected. He analyzes failures of the democracies to find a common plan to deal with the colonial area. He gives some interesting case histories of the economic rivalries which continue to divide what he describes as "capitalist adventures."

Speedily, he warns, "the West must develop a clear program of what democracy has to offer Southeast Asia in preference to totalitarian Communism." Time is running out fast, as Korea amply demonstrates. "The moment may come soon when one country after another will have to give up the struggle" and Communism, which the author identifies with "disorder, anarchy, and permanent economic decline," will take over. Dr. Van Mook would like to see a "voluntary association" of the new republics—discussed in a final chapter—along

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modified state Socialist lines, backed by the Western allies.

"The Left Wing in Southeast Asia" is an intensive study confined almost exclusively to postwar history and its outstanding personalities in this area. Each country—except the Philippines, which is being treated in another volume of this Institute of Pacific Relations series—is depicted in terms of recent political happenings and the key personalities of nationalist leadership. Special attention is focused on Communist overtones and undertones. The authors' conclusion is that "poorly organized, indifferently disciplined, and inadequately led as they are, the Communists of Southeast Asia still form the strongest and most aggressive parties in the area. No dynamic counterpoise to Communism is to be found in either the region's nationalism, which blankets too many vague emotions, or its religions, which are too diverse and passive. . ."

Whereas Van Mook tends to blame the greedy American and British monopolists and traders, seeking short cuts to quick profits through bribery of venal nationalist politicians, as the chief reason for popular skepticism of the West's good intentions, Mr. and Mrs. (Virginia Thompson) Adloff place the emphasis elsewhere. The latter feel that the "most formidable" hindrances to "more complete cooperation" are the French and Dutch diehards. "Great Britain and the United States," they report, "are eager to enlist the support of the moderate nationalists in each country, to check the Communist tide, but until they can convince the Dutch and French of the necessity for such an entente . . . the only joint operations in the region must perforce remain on the negative and technical plane of mutual defense."

Both volumes increase our knowledge of half a dozen new nations whose amorphous social life is leading inevitably toward more, not less, internal political crisis. As guides for full understanding of the economic and human factors driving Southeast Asia toward revolutionary solutions, however, each book has the same conspicuous weakness. Neither makes any serious attempt to examine the breakdown of subsistence farming and both underestimate the appeal of Communist antilandlord and antiusurer slogans. For a region where more than 80 per cent of the population is dependent on the land for a livelihood the scant and superficial attention paid to peasant ecology by these authors is extremely disappointing.

Edgar Snow, associate editor of The Saturday Evening Post, *is author of "Pattern of Soviet Power."*

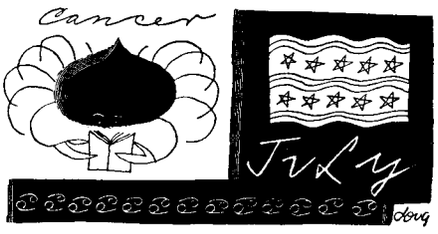
Problems Facing the Japanese & Us

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN. By Edwin O. Reischauer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 357 *pp.* $4.

By Kenneth S. Latourette

IF AN American of today can read only one book on Japan this is the one it should be. Of all the volumes on that country which have poured from the press in the past five years it most nearly contains, in compact form, what we need to know of the land which has become so closely knit with us and our future. Reared in Japan, in a home which combined scholarship with intimate knowledge and a friendly yet not uncritical attitude toward its people, the author has added to that boyhood training years of study and of active contact with Japan and with American policies toward Japan. Into a volume of less than 400 pages he has managed to compress a narrative of the history of the relations of the United States with Japan, a description of the country with its physical and industrial setting, an appraisal of the characteristics of the Japanese people and their culture seen against the background of ancient and recent history and the tremendous changes wrought by recent events, and a summary account of the Occupation, which takes approximately a third of the little volume. All this is climaxed by suggestions for American policy in the days immediately ahead, rounded out with a judiciously selected, annotated bibliography and supplemented with the more important recent documents. Here is a superb example of *multum in parvo*, written in disarmingly readable literary style.

Dr. Reischauer has sympathetic appreciation for the Japanese, especially in the colossal economic problems which confront them in the crowded conditions of their islands aggravated by their mad imperialistic adventure, the exhaustion, impoverishment, destruction, and defeat of the recent war, the loss of their merchant marine, and the shutting off of some of their earlier markets. He notes the conflict in the latter part of the nineteenth and in the twentieth centuries between



"democracy" and "totalitarianism," a conflict which is not yet resolved. He is, in general, inclined to praise the Occupation. He believes that under it a far more basic revolution has been wrought, notably in the position of women and in the tenure of agricultural land, than has been or is likely to be achieved by the Communists in China. Although he recognizes that in theory the Occupation has been international, he regards it, rightly, as overwhelmingly American. He has warm words of commendation for General MacArthur, especially for the part of the pro-consul in the first years of the Occupation, when he gave the kind of leadership which the Japanese needed and desired. Dr. Reischauer has proportionately more to say of the Nisei in Japan than appears in other books on that country and has hearty praise for their loyalty and cheerful adjustment in the treatment meted out to them in the U. S. before and during World War II.

Professor Reischauer makes recommendations for the future policy of the United States toward Japan. He holds that the Occupation has passed the peak of its usefulness, that the quality of its personnel is deteriorating, and that Japanese irritation is understandably rising. Yet he sees the difficulties in the way of the negotiation of the treaty or treaties of peace which are prerequisite to the termination of the Occupation. He views the United States as confronted with the unhappy choice between having Japan as a military or an ideological ally in the struggle with Russia, and believes that if we elect the one we will sacrifice the other. He is not at all clear as to what the outcome of the Occupation will be but he is convinced that it will be determinative in the attitude of the peoples of Asia toward the United States in the contest with Russian Communism.

No book is without its defects. In the account of the postwar Japan, so excellent in most of its features, there is lacking anything but the barest mention of the important religious developments, and the section on the educational situation seems unnecessarily sketchy, neglecting, among other aspects, the serious but probably unavoidable lowering of academic standards. However, no single recent book on Japan is to be as highly commended to the American public.

Kenneth S. Latourette is Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale University. His latest book, "These Sought a Country," has just been published by Harper.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *There are admirable qualities of brevity, simplicity, and emotional honesty in the work of Italian novelists which are having their effect on our writers. Alberto Moravia follows his somewhat sensational "The Woman of Rome" with "Two Adolescents," a book containing two short novels which illuminate the most serious problems of growing boys, the discovery of sex and the growth of individuality. In Frank Mlakar's "He, the Father" a Slovene immigrant to the Middle West is compelled to go back to his idealized native village, starting a chain reaction which brings to the surface buried hates and frustrations of which he had been unaware. "One Big Family," by Garth Hale, reflects the same theme in a different setting. In this case an elderly couple leave their Kansas farm to live with their children and grandchildren and, through their inability to grasp a different way of life, upset the emotional balance of the family.*

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Frank Mlakar—"an overpowering look of verisimilitude."

A Peasant in the New World

HE, THE FATHER. By Frank Mlakar. New York: Harper & Bros. 313 pp. $3.

By J. G. Hitrec

THE "peasant novel" — the term is used here in its European context — has become something of a dodo in modern fiction, perhaps for the reason that the tractor and electricity are working a change on the peasantry itself. Russia and Eastern Europe, which had produced it, have been strangely silent in the past twenty years, and this reviewer at least cannot recall such a novel since "Quiet Flows the Don," the first book of Michael Sholokhov's trilogy. Not to confuse it with the farmer novel, a distinct American development, let us add at once that the peasant novel is so recognized by an overtone of the feudalistic past, by the peasant tradition of separateness from other branches of human society, and by a religiousness heavily interlarded with superstition of the immemorial sort. Just as surely as there is a historical difference between the peasant and the farmer, there is a fundamental one between their literary counterparts. All of which merely serves properly to place Frank Mlakar's "He, the Father," which is a first novel of distinct promise and haunting impact.

Born in this country, Frank Mlakar is Slovenian by descent and spoke no English until he went to school. The recent war found him editing the magazine *Common Ground*, after which he enlisted for the duration and later spent a year writing in Australia on a fellowship grant from the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust. "He, the Father" is an imaginative excursion into a much-neglected niche of the immigrant problem: the forces, dark and otherwise, which an old-time arrival here had to reconcile with the ways of the New World. Mlakar's unremitting concern with those forces makes his novel unconventional and compelling.

In this story of Osip, a Slovenian peasant who emigrates to the States at the turn of the century only to return years later under inner pressure, the usual immigrant pattern is forsaken quite early. Osip makes good in America but makes no effort to become American. He buys a house and rears a family in the "chicken village" of Cuyahoga City, but it is as though his own native village of Gobelye were with him every moment, to recall the childhood years in his struggling peasant family, to keep fresh the many things he wants to remember and some he would rather not, and to vex him in a way that he is incapable of rationalizing. America was to be an escape from the drudgery of Gobelye, yet as time passes the old umbilical cord, far from shriveling, takes on a spectral and irresistible quality. The winning of the immigrant's American dream estranges Osip from his wife and American-born son and brings his loneliness to a boil.

His second escape is in the reverse — a native's return weighted down not only with homesickness but with a gnawing guilt complex, for he had beaten his father and stolen the family savings to go to America and the old man had since died demented. And it is here that the author wades deep into the undercurrent of atavism and crude righteousness that makes the European peasant what he is, and creates an unforgettable picture. Osip's return sets the amorphous soul of his native village convulsing in a terrifying fashion; it momentarily takes off the lid from the loves and hates, the hypocrisy and frustration smoldering beneath the surface. The wilful reappearance of the outcast may be only the overt spark in a sudden chain of reactions; in any event it is no more than a scapegoat for the explosive catharsis which the village now affords itself for all the centuries of plodding, hardship, and ill-luck. The upheaval is the end of Osip, yet it brings redemption both to himself and the tortured village.

The writing of "He, the Father" is lucid and unencumbered, the characterization most vivid. There is a certain shapelessness in the plot but it seems to me deliberate, an organic extension of the lumbering and difficult theme. The author's peasants, forever trudging across the scene in a kind of fated slow motion, have an overpowering look of verisimilitude. They and their obsessions are not easily dismissed from mind. In the present parade of fictional stereotypes Frank Mlakar's first novel is a genuine and unique experience.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 851)

B. DE VOTO:
THE WORLD OF FICTION

Dramatic fantasy faces a threat that never relaxes, for an actual Peter Pan swinging through the air does so on a wire; but* if the illusion's hold on the spectator is not firm, then his awareness of the wire will kill it stone-dead.

* "But" added to get a *b*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boys' Walled Worlds

TWO ADOLESCENTS. By Alberto Moravia. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 268 pp. $2.75.

By KATHLEEN SPROUL

AN ORGANISM, whether unicellular or that congregation of cells known as a human being, must establish a certain equilibrium of intake and outgo for its own success. In the stage of human development we term adolescence there is often agony as the individual fumbles for emotional equilibrium between what he takes in and broods upon and what he cannot articulate enough to remove or translate by communication.

It is a state so isolated by the conditions of its own struggles that it seems in retrospect a separate world. There are few writers who have not tried to describe this isolation, but there is probably no more difficult task than to make objective what was so intensely subjective and to do so with compassion that must not verge ever into self-pity.

Alberto Moravia has created the walled worlds of two boys, Agostino and Luca; for me he did it so successfully that I forgot while reading that they had been authored. I found their invasion of me complete; I saw with their eyes, heard with their ears, agreed with their distortions of the other human beings around them.

The two stories, of novelette length, are quite separate, and probably the younger Agostino and the slightly older Luca would not have been able to understand and comfort each other. But each is an exquisite facet of the struggle for equilibrium and understanding that must precede maturity.

Agostino, about thirteen, extravagantly idolizes his beautiful, widowed mother. In lovely, lazy days spent with her on the seashore he is happy until her interest in a young man disturbs his self-presumed security as center of her universe. He meets, during this shaken time, a gang of boys from a social class outside of his sheltered experience. With naive and carelessly contemptuous brutality they crash in on his own genteel naivete; he learns about the struggle for existence and about sex at the same time. Sex education thus abruptly ingested changes the confused lyricism of his feeling for his mother into painful awareness of her as a female. He tries to become a man in classic fashion by going to a brothel, though not understanding why he must make the effort, but the episode results in humiliation and further confusion.

There is only one thing Agostino is sure of in the quiet conclusion, gently ironic after his tempest: there will be a long and unhappy time before he becomes a man.

The fifteen-year-old Luca, in the second story, embodies a more serious human problem, which at first may seem more exclusively clinical. Yet there is probably no one on the threshold of maturity who has not fought in more or less intense fashion to keep his individuality from being engulfed by enforcements of custom.

In Luca the ambivalent struggle assumes tragic dimensions and carries him into an entire negation of life, which is symbolized by a nearly fatal illness. Yet the negation is, subtly, itself a fierce declaration of the will to live, but stubbornly isolated from the necessity for cooperation. During his convalescence, as if the great physical and mental upheaval had been a purging and welding fire, he discovers life exquisitely precious once more. The ingredients of his sunny euphoria include an initiating love affair. Searching my memory of such episodes in novels and stories I can recall none more quietly effective nor more necessary to a plot.

"Agostino" was first published in Rome in 1944, "Luca" (as "La Disubbidienza") in 1948. The former was translated by Beryl de Zoete, the latter by Angus Davidson. It is difficult to decide whether the rather marked difference in style and effect of the two stories is due to the individual translator or to Alberto Moravia's own skilful manipulation. But it is very simple and obligatory to decide that "Two Adolescents" confirms the stature of the author of "The Woman of Rome." This is a quiet book, though certainly not a gentle one; however, its illumination of human processes in the making is startling and deep.

Alberto Moravia — "the struggle preceding maturity."

Gaps Under One Roof

ONE BIG FAMILY. By Garth Hale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 322 pp. $3.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN THIS story of the Nall family—Grandfather and Grandmother, Andrew and Lina; their middle-aged son and daughter-in-law, Joe and Christine, and the latters' two children, Betty and Bob, in their twenties—Mr. Hale investigates the problems which beset three generations living together under one roof. To their friends and acquaintances in the small Midwest town of Alden the Nalls presented a very pleasant front indeed; they were often referred to as "an ideal family." Christine, the good manager, the determinedly cheerful looker-on-the-bright-side, did her best to make this true, but the fact was that the assorted Nalls met on no common ground whatsoever, they understood one another not at all, and they irritated one another enormously. The author makes it painfully obvious why they did. The elderly couple, transplanted from the little Kansas farm where they had lived most of their simple, frugal, hard-working lives, distrusted, disliked, and actively criticized the streamlined leisure of Christine's and Joe's middle-class prosperity and they considered Bob's and Betty's generation lost to any grace whatever. Christine and Joe, determined to do what they thought right for the old couple, couldn't understand why they weren't happy and, because Lina's and Andrew's presence grated on them more than they realized, had no real sympathy for them. Nor could they meet their own children on any sustained terms of intimacy. Christine tried harder than Joe to bridge the gap but Betty and Bob were, understandably enough, both rebellious and secretive.

The book builds up through a series of minor crises, all carefully concealed behind the velvet curtain, to several major climaxes — Andrew's death through illness and Lina's accidental or suicidal drowning in the bathtub; Joe's involvement in a near-scandal of an extremely sordid nature and Bob's and Betty's declarations of independence; Betty's by breaking her engagement to a wealthy and suitable young man and running away to become a dancer and Bob's by leaving Alden to make his own way and marry the girl he loves, since Joe has refused to help him at home.

Mr. Hale is better in the exposition of his thesis when, as the omniscient author, he tells the reader what his characters think and feel and when he sets forth, from the sidelines as it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were, what their problems are, than when he allows the actors themselves to carry on. I have a feeling that he knew what he wanted to do better than he was able to do it; that the book is like a play in which the underlying plot and purpose are fine, the situations well thought out and dramatic, but the directing and characterization not quite adequate. This is my overall impression, though there are many scenes in which the essential poignance and irony of the triple conflict are shown in vivid clarity and in which the characters stand out as real people. The book just misses, I think, being a really profound commentary on human relationships; it has, in spite of its weaknesses, great sincerity and wisdom. One of the characters strikes a keynote by remarking, "You might say that we are capable of living on three levels: the base, the trivial, and the heroic. Fortunately, we have grown out of the base; we slip back into it only under exceptional pressure. Unfortunately, we have not yet reached the point where we can maintain the heroic pose with any permanence. We achieve it on occasion. When that little California girl fell down the abandoned well heroic rescuers were a dime a dozen. But it is as if our wings were not strong enough to maintain us in this upper air for any length of time . . . we find it necessary most of the time to get along on a sort of median plane, not very bad, not very good. We live by what you call trivialities. . . ."

If, as I said, and perhaps too harshly, "One Big Family" doesn't quite live up to its author's intent, it remains a sincerely moving, perceptive, and readable book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 370

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 370 will be found in the next issue.

KC CKL TQLX XC

ACTFTH PX NRL BPK GRC

QX QKFQEKPKN.

S. G. KQLNOXDRL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 369

His impromptus smell of the lamp.
—PYTHEAS.
Said of Demosthenes's Orations.

Fiction Notes

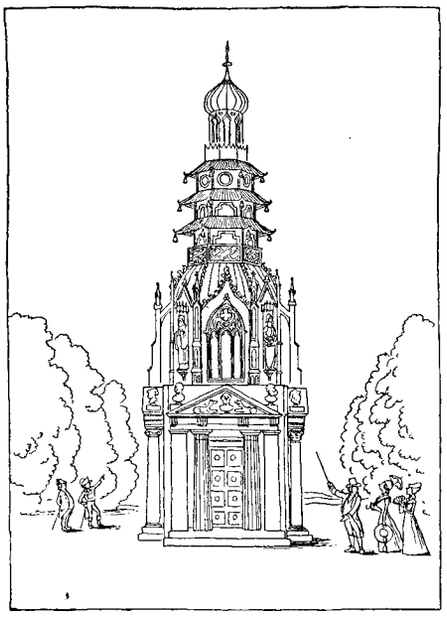
THE WILD WIND, by Marjorie Sinclair. John Day. $3. Marriage with a Greenwich, Conn., broker, golfer, and country club habitué can pall pretty quickly on the sensitive-type girl. One dip into her great-grandmother's diary is enough for Lucia. The jig is up, farewell to the Round Hill Club, off to the Hawaiian Island of Makaniloa, where the missionary bones of her ancestor lie buried in the earth she loved so well. Not easy to love either. All's at odds here. Lucia is tapped for trouble. The pull between embedded superstition and modern education is matched by the ancient resentment of the natives towards the white off-islanders. Worship of false gods, belief in primitive panaceas, restless ghosts, and variously assorted herbs unite the faithful, straight-arming the stranger. But Lucia plunges in, going a step further than her kin by marrying one of the local lads. Might as well be back home for all the stability she achieves. However, passion does win out and idolatry prevails.

The beach at Waikiki can't be as velvety as it looks on our travel folders, after all.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE, by Osbert Lancaster. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25. Mr. Lancaster is a good hand at typically understated British spoofing, which may be reckoned as one of the fine arts. If his words are quietly amusing, his black-and-white drawings are more loudly entertaining. They record his country's history from Roman days to our own. Drayneflete — imaginary name, of course—is a typical small English town with historical associations, of which this book is supposed to be a sort of chatty guide for the benefit of the quite imaginary tourist. Naturally, the town's leading families come in for a large share of the fun.

There was, for example, in the eighteenth century the illustrious figure of Alexander, second Earl and eleventh Baron Littlehampton, "a man of wide culture and great sensibility," who devoted himself throughout a long life to the promotion of literature and the arts. One of his achievements was "Lord Littlehampton's Folly," an architectural curiosity "expressly designed to display correct examples of all the five great schools of architecture," i.e., the classic, gothic, Chinese, Hindoo, and Egyptian. The author gives a black-and-white rendering of this singular pagodalike structure, sure to produce a chuckle. Best of all



—From "There'll Always Be a Drayneflete."

"Lord Littlehampton's Folly."

are the author's parodies of English verse, beginning with an exquisite gem of Middle English prosody and concluding with a clever take-off on T. S. Eliot. It is all very solemn and vastly entertaining.

—JOHN COURNOS.

COAT OF MANY COLORS, by Hulda Peterson Putzke. Dorrance, Philadelphia. $3. It was an unhappy moment when the author chose intermarriage as the theme of her novel about Milwaukee during the Prohibition era. Jo's problem — a gentile girl confronted with marriage into an orthodox Jewish family — is a very real one, but Jo is not a real enough person to make the impact of her dilemma felt upon the reader. It is rather ludicrous to see Jo first become the mistress of her Jewish doctor because she so firmly believes herself an outsider, a "*shikksa*," only to turn around and consent to marry him after he reads her a passage from the Bible.

There is very little to justify the publishing of a story which serves only to bestow the author's confusion upon the reader. The question of intermarriage is a serious and important one which will continue to plague our society for a long time. A book which only reiterates the seriousness of the problem without offering one iota of guidance or enlightenment is of no value whatsoever. Miss Putzke does have a talent for amusing and colorful dialogue and often is able to get a genuine chuckle from the reader. Had she chosen a less delicate theme, "Coat of Many Colors" might have been a more entertaining and delightful novel.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry. *A poem may first achieve the dignity of print through the columns of a periodical or between the covers of the proverbial "slender volume," but if it ever attains wide currency it is almost always as part of a bulky, somewhat somber anthology. The commonest type of anthology is, of course, that which undertakes to encompass a sizable span of a nation's literature. Mary M. Colum offers some arresting speculations below on what qualities are necessary in a successful anthology in reviewing David Daiches's "Poems in English: 1530-1940." A rarer type of anthology is that John Ciardi has edited in "Mid-Century American Poets," a selection of the works of fifteen important poets now at the height of their powers. The other volumes reviewed below are of the "slender" variety: a tiny bit of them may eventually receive an anthologist's accolade.*

410 Years of the Lyric Mother Tongue

POEMS IN ENGLISH: 1530-1940. *Edited by David Daiches with the assistance of William Charvat. New York: Ronald Press.* 763 *pp.* $3.50.

By Mary M. Colum

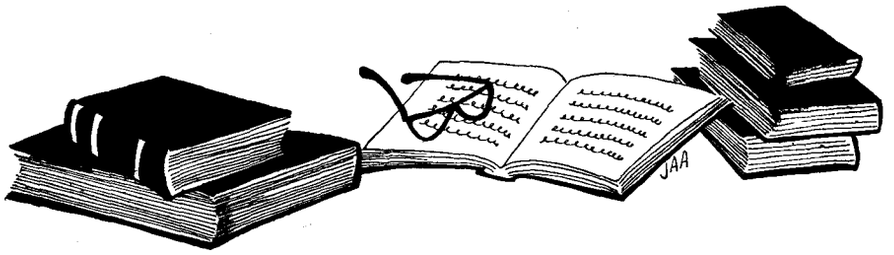
WHAT mysterious qualities make one anthology interesting and entertaining and another dull, even though the same poems be included in both? All sorts of abilities are involved: the temperament of the anthologist, the profound and intuitive knowledge of poetry and poetic periods, the knack of arranging the poems so that they contrast with and light up the poems that precede and follow, the very way the book is printed and presented. Now the present anthology, compiled by two professors, with one, Mr. Daiches, doing most of the job, is somewhat on the boring side—at least it is on the wingless side as regards compilation. It approaches poetry in too pedagogic a manner; in the later sections the choices are not always inspired, and the modern section leans too heavily on the fashions of the moment. Then, too, it seems to this reviewer that the anthology does not begin early enough. English poetry was started and well on its way before 1530, when this collection begins. How can anybody understand English poetry without knowing certain of the medieval poems such as "Sumer is icumen in," "I sing of a maiden," without knowing some of Piers Plowman and Chaucer, and without having the ballads in one's head?

"Poems in English: 1530-1940" is intended for students and has a foreword addressed to the teacher by one of the compilers and a general introduction by the other. Still, even in a book for students, we could very nicely do without what might be called schoolbook poetry, the sort that everyone learns in pre-college days. Here we are given Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," that editorial in verse which has not a single line of poetry, and what might be called the parson's poem, "Crossing the Bar," generally to be found printed on funeral cards and heard sung at funeral services. We are given "The Ancient Mariner" with all those side notes which Coleridge probably thought up in an opium-haunted moment and which can have no function whatever for readers who cannot help but know what the poem is about. We have Wordsworth's "Michael" complete, a poem which has an historical literary importance but which would wither any student's incipient passion for poetry. The Victorians generally—and here is the place for a most rigorous selection—are not carefully selected. Many of them wrote too much and sometimes they wrote schoolgirlish poetry, and we are given such specimens as "Break, break on thy cold gray Stones, O Sea," followed here by "Sweet and Low" and a couple of other items which almost ruined for the twentieth-century mind Tennyson's reputation as a great poet. Of course, the anthologist does include some of Tennyson's fine poems, and surely it is time that Christina Rossetti's "When I am dead, my dearest" was left where it belongs, as suitable words for sentimental drawing-room music. It should be noted, however, the Browning is very well selected, and in such a way that any reader of poetry must realize Browning's immense influence on what is called "modernist poetry."

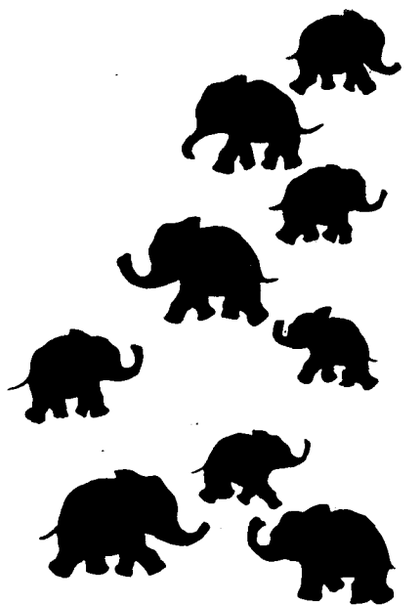
In the eighteenth-century section the anthologist is occasionally brilliant, as in his quotations from George Berkeley and Shenstone. The selections from Swift are not such as would give an insight into that sardonic and mocking mind, the poet who, as he said of himself, "invented irony." Too often in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the poets are represented by their second or third best but this may be because the anthologist believed there was some virtue in unfamiliarity. But let the reader, as a test, look at the selections from Byron and Poe. To the present reviewer's mind, the greatest failure is in the modern period. It is hard to fathom why such pieces as

> nonsun blob a
> cold to
> skylessness
> sticking fire

should be the sole representative of the work of E. E. Cummings, and why put in among good poems of Ezra Pound a piece of witlessness like "Winter is icumen in Lhude sing Goddamn"? Several of the poets in the modern period are represented because they are the fashion of the moment, and they certainly do not belong in an anthology covering several centuries. Yeats is represented by fewer pages than is Eliot, and not only are the selections not commensurate with Yeats's greatness, but a couple of the poems, "The Second Coming" and "Byzantium," are too difficult for any but initiates. This review, for all that, will end on a word of praise: the Tudor and Elizabethan poems, with which the anthology begins, are arranged with a freshness and enthusiasm that make them seem new and strange—and that even though every lover of poetry has them trippingly on the tongue. This is not only due to the loving choice of the poems but also to the fact that the poets, Wyatt, Sydney, Spenser, Ralegh—indeed all of them—have an individual, a personal style, a signature as it were—and this characteristic, essential to all real writing, is conspicuously and sadly lacking in some of the poets featured in the modern period.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From the book jacket.*

Intellectual Playfulness

NINETEEN MILLION ELEPHANTS AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen Bevington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 115 pp. $2.50.

By Sara Henderson Hay

MRS. BEVINGTON'S first book, "Dr. Johnson's Waterfall and Other Poems," introduced a writer whose métier was light verse of an extremely literary and intellectual flavor; witty, ironic, elegantly turned, and deftly humorous observations upon eighteenth-century (and other) literary personalities and events. Her second volume continues this diverting occupation. She takes a sly dig at Mr. Pepys, so entranced with his own accounting of all he did; she speculates on the rectitude of Dr. Johnson, who believed that he might get drunk on an apple; she "makes a note of Mr. Thoreau," who

Found the Leaves of Grass a little rank,
But wondered, when it came to this,
Whose thoughts he blushed at, Walt's or his. . . .

She considers, with a quizzical lift of the eyebrow, Dear Prue's Obliged, Obedient Servant, Richard Steele, and leafing idly through Darwin's "Origin of Species" for (I gather) a little light reading she muses philosophically upon his statement that:

> The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of increase . . . after a period of from 740 to 750 years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive descended from the first pair. . . .

This is an arresting thought, indeed, and Mrs. Bevington makes the most of it.

As is obvious, much of this book's appeal depends on the reader's taste for a certain kind of intellectual playfulness, a familiarity with the figures of the particular literary scene, and an appreciation of so dextrous an application of the literary to the literal. It is the sort of thing Mrs. Bevington does superlatively well, and a technique to which she returns even in those poems about her own emotions and experiences. She can seldom resist the biographical precedent. For instance, coming back to the city after a country summer, she remembers that Thoreau, too, hated the noisy sound of his own feet on sidewalks.

But there are several poems which are purely personal—of childhood memories, of her own Natural History (not Mr. White's of Selbourne)—which are very moving and lovely. Mrs. Bevington's first love and her first talent is, I think, the exercise of wit, but she also has the capacity to lay aside that dexterity and speak simply and emotionally in what is not light verse, but poetry.

Presenting 15 Faces

MID-CENTURY AMERICAN POETS. Edited by John Ciardi. New York: Twayne Publishers. 300 pp. $4.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

A PROPER consideration of John Ciardi's anthology of "Mid-Century American Poets" might well start off with the realization that this volume is two volumes in one. One volume is composed of the editor's foreword and prose statements by the fifteen poets included in the collection. The other is poetry, selected for the most part from work published in "slim volumes" and magazines frequently "little" (but not always).

None of the talents here represented should be unfamiliar to anyone interested in the way poetry is being written today—in "mid-century"—in the middle of a century hostile not only to poetry but to almost everything of an affirmative nature. "There is no such thing as a poem that does not affirm," says Mr. Ciardi in a *dictum* with which I am happy to associate myself—even though, on the face of it, some of the poetry in this book appears to be somewhat less than affirmative in tone. But let us charge the tone to the century, not the poet;

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TIRESOME TASKS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify the following literary figures, each of whom was harassed by an irksome job. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. After a young author had angrily ripped his rejected manuscript apart, this patient lady sat up half the night putting it together, only to be told the next morning that he had two extra copies.
2. She walked all the way from Edinburgh to London to seek aid in obtaining a pardon for her sister, who had been sentenced to death for child murder.
3. This red-haired blusterer spent years trying in vain to teach his wife to understand figures and he never gave up.
4. Ill and in pain, this English lady wrote letters religiously for injured servicemen and refused to leave her task unfinished even when she was told her own son had been killed.
5. Doomed to a world of reflections, she whiled away her time by weaving a magic web which pictured life as she saw it in a mirror.
6. At the age of ten this famous hero's work, which he disliked heartily, consisted of rinsing bottles for wine and spirits, pasting labels, fitting corks, and packing the filled bottles in casks.
7. He was condemned forever to the dismal tedium of rolling a huge stone to the top of a hill as it constantly rolled back.
8. For 5,000 nights this draper's wife watched over her paralytic husband, never failing to waken whenever he stirred.
9. When he was serving as office boy for a law firm he always polished the handle of the front door so carefully that he was rewarded with a high position in the Queen's Navy.
10. Forging a passport by the light of a candle during the French Revolution for his sister, his sweetheart, and himself proved to be a tedious chore for this royalist, as evidenced by the crumpled failures scattered on the floor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the editor asserts, the poet's "devotion to his form is per se a declaration of faith. . . ."

Since the poetry included in Mr. Ciardi's anthology has all been selected for the occasion by the poets themselves, it follows that the poems in "Mid-Century American Poets" are the face that they choose to present to the world—faces, rather, for each poet in his (or her) own way is a distinct personality. None of this work is negligible, which is not surprising, since three of the contributors are Pulitzer Prize winners (Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro, Peter Viereck)—four have been Guggenheim Fellows (Lowell, Viereck, Muriel Rukeyser, Delmore Schwartz)—one, John Frederick Nims, has won three *Poetry* prizes—and all of them have been widely reviewed, anthologized, recorded: have read and been read. It is a goodly company, of whom at least three (Theodore Roethke, E. L. Mayo, and John Holmes) deserve, I think, to be even better known than they are. I heartily indorse Volume II—the poetry.

I am not so happy about the "first volume"—the section (121 pages of it) devoted to prose statements, to apologia, commentary, and what-have-you representing the views of the poets on the state of poetry, their own and others'. The editor, who solicited these views, calls them "a valuable document of the American culture"; for myself, I find them more than a little beside the point. In this finding I seem to be joined by nearly all the poets themselves. Richard Wilbur expresses it best, saying, "I think artists do well not to talk too much about art, their natural language being that of their media"; but most of the others (Elizabeth Bishop, John Holmes, Randall Jarrell, Robert Lowell, Winfield Townley Scott, Theodore Roethke, Richard Eberhart, and Delmore Schwartz) say virtually the same thing.

Pace, Mr. Ciardi (whose admirable earnestness seems to have led him to a too-great concern over "selling" poetry), no address to the reader in defense of poetry can ever be so persuasive as an actual poem. There are enough actual poems here to make "Volume I" quite unnecessary.

Exit

By Ben Ray Redman

A STRANGE house in a bad year
At the end of a dirty road;
Dry seeds dead in the earth,
Tough weeds clogging the path;
All colors gone from a world
That is drab as a trodden toad:
Better tragedy's knife,
Better the days of wrath.

Life & Its Phenomena

COLLECTED POEMS, 1914-1948. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Caldwell, Ida.: Caxton Printers. 321 *pp.* $5.

TOWARD THE METAL SUN. By Celia Dimmette. Boston: Bruce Humphries. 62 *pp.* $2.50.

By A. M. SULLIVAN

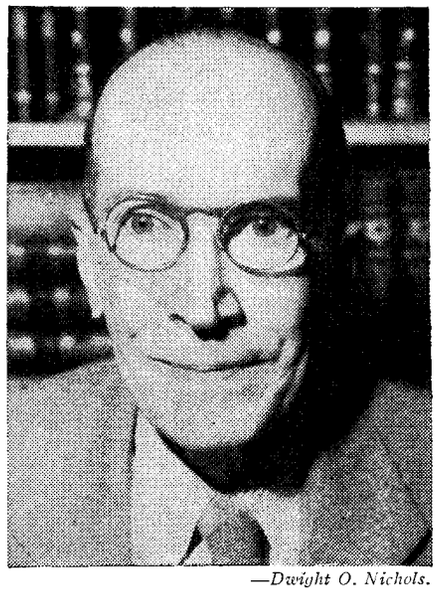
FOR THIRTY-FIVE years or more the poems of Glenn Ward Dresbach have been appearing in our magazines and newspapers and I don't ever recall seeing a poem by him that was poorly made or lacking a communicable idea. Dresbach is a consistent reporter of life and its physical phenomena but he is seldom a conjurer of its mysteries. He writes of the natural event, the vagaries of the seasons, the little tragedies in the lives of people, mostly simple folk, for whom the poet has a deep sympathy and a shrewd understanding. His sketches and narratives about the city transients, the farm neighbors, are intimate, friendly, and ring truthfully in characterization and dialogue. He makes the trivia of a daily routine seem important and nothing is insignificant to his appraising eye. Perhaps this is a weakness as well as a virtue, because there is a tendency to impress the moral instead of striving toward "the half-said thing" with the artistic hint. Dresbach turns a neat Shakespearean sonnet but he is endangered by a fatal facility in the form. The overstressed and obvious moral is found too often in the final couplet, e.g., in "Rotten Wharves":

It is a thing that dreams have known
    before
Of cargoes gone and sails that come
    no more!

It is the harder wrought lyrics, especially among the poems of the Southwest, that ring the finer timbre of Dresbach's voice. The more dramatic and emotional effects are achieved in starkly rhymed lines such as "Strays." The picture of strange or unidentified cattle of the range looking for water is tragic in its connotations:

From drouth-shriveled hills
  They have straggled, to stand about
With sunken patient eyes
Watching how water spills
  From faucets to thirsting ground
Of wistful gardens . . .
                Hope dies
Slowly—even in cattle
They bellow hoarsely around
The fences.

There is a high level of interest in Dresbach's longer narrative poems because he has a storyteller's sense of the dramatic. "The Ship Without a Port" is the tale of a man who took to sea in an endless voyage because his wife was a leper and he would not submit to separation.



—Dwight O. Nichols.

Glenn Ward Dresbach — never "lacking a communicable idea."

Another effective narrative incident is "Boy in a Coal Car." The lad with bright eyes and laughing face is destiny, a symbol of American adventure.

It is good to know that Glenn Ward Dresbach's best poems are gathered between covers. There are poets of richer metaphysical and mystical gifts but there is none who has given a better accounting of his talents in the service of poetry.

* * *

BLESSED is the poet whose roots are deep in a tradition, racial, religious, or regional. Celia Dimmette's poetry, as revealed in "Toward the Metal Sun," are pleasurable, not only from the accurate, observing eye of farm and community life in the Midwest, but because she gives us something new in the quality of her diction and the depth of her emotional experience. Mrs. Dimmette is daring in her technique without employing the bizarre. Her opening poem, "The Grass," violates the rule against indulging in catalogues, but I believe she provides a worthy exception:

The fields at evening lie placid but
  fire runs in grass, in tussock
of sweet clover, foxtail, wild oats, and
  chess. The hummock
burns on the hill. We cross blue grama
  and buffalo, knotweed,
smartweed, old witch, beard, brome,
  and pepper, leaf and seed:

and so on. As we expect the star-gazing poet to know the difference be-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween a star and a planet, and to call them by specific names, so we applaud when grass is more than grass and becomes a family of interesting enterprises of nature. The poet is sparse with rhetoric but when she employs metaphor it is rich and original, as in "River Cottonwood":

They come to her—the mousy grasses
running,
and rows of gay corn-fiddlers. Brawn
of wheat
lies drowsy-limbed with fallow acres
sunning
the wild strawberry lipped in red
and sweet.

In her word pictures of threshing, baling, hauling stones, and other farm chores the language is fresh, detailed, and suggestive without burdening the imagination. The title poem, "Toward the Metal Sun," is a compact, powerful statement of the farmer's four seasons and his quarrels and reconciliations with earth, who is a generous but often jealous and angry mother. To carp mildly at a poet's choice of language, which is usually as natural as it is original, there is an occasional literary and technical term in a strained line. In the fascinating picture of the "Swimmers" the words "chrysolite" and "nebulae" trouble my image-making devices:

We cradle fathoms, drive the arms in
flood,
and basket to our breasts the chryso-
lite
sheer billow weaving nebulae and
scud.

Triskelion

By Burnham Eaton

GOODNIGHT is threefold;
The mood, the promise and our belonging.

Goodnight—for the day gone,
Trailing its mood in the mind for trouble or peace,
The evening marked with mirth or grieving
From the arc of the day's doings,
Smiling along the voice
Or pressed from the open throat of sorrow.

Goodnight—for the day coming,
Declaring the confident *will, will be,*
As sure of the dawn as sure that we move by sun.
We shall wake to another beginning,
The living still unlived, the morning, the opening promise.

Goodnight—for the circle of being, around us and always,
More than mood, more than promise.
Sounds we present in simplicity one to another:
The wordsound, *God,* increased by an O's repetition;
The syllable meaning blackwinged hours of restoration—
They speak our belonging.

All the unsaid, the unsayable, a day-weary mind reveres
Two voices hold in a threefold saying. . . .
Goodnight for now.
Goodnight until tomorrow.
Goodnight in the constant spiraling hours.

The Meeting

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

THE MORTAL FLESH, the curious net of bone
Grow and decline, reluctant and alone,
Save for the spirit which awakes the eye,
Which holds the bone to the quiet magnet of the sky.
So two in meeting see the outer shape,
The sloping cheek, the lips whose curve
Repeat the words they speak.

But like the lovely grape that hangs in autumn
Holding the luminous days of sun,
A tranquil, an unending light
Shines where the hidden spirit shows,
Making radiant the flesh,
Beautiful the patterned bone,
Beyond the blood's immortal rose.

Poetry Notes

LODESTONE, by Sjanna Solum. The Dierkes Press, Chicago. $2. "Lodestone" is a prize-winning book selected from 129 manuscripts. Miss Solum is a sympathetic observer of human frailty and a singer of nature's moods. Several of the songs transcend the seasonal framework and sound original metaphysical overtones. The poet's range is limited but she writes well within her chosen boundaries. Her technical skill is seen in her quatrains and sonnets. One of the successful sonnets is "Indian Summer," which concludes—

Sumacs burn
The countryside with smoldering fire
that owns
No signal—no ascending, smoky
feather—
To tell how brief this Indian Summer
weather.

Miss Solum's diction is occasionally weakened by the stereotyped nature phrases, but she more than compensates for them with her grackles whose strident tongues "creak like rusty hinges" and in the dark of autumn evening with "the castanets of crickets." The poet has a gift of music but needs more objectivity in her vision, more tension in the poetic line.

HIGH NOON, by Gemma d'Auria. Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $2. Gemma d'Auria is an accomplished sculptor with a minor but spiritual gift in poetry. Her ability to shape ideas with words may not be as skilful as her talent in clay but there are many poems here indicating a sensuous touch and a prophetic eye. The title poem, "High Noon," has an original idea that is developed into a metaphysical symbol, succinctly stated:

The world is but a shadow-thought
Refracted on the deep,
And life a multi-colored dream
Through which we laugh and weep
And earn the noon, when there shall
be
No shadow and no sleep.

There is strong, affirmative statement throughout the book, giving proof of a poet of faith and religious insight. "The Door" is a striking poem in its measured movement, and consistent symbol of the inevitable way of death. "Release" is a moral and mental enterprise based on a theme of Nicolas of Cusa, who tells man that the answer is always hidden somewhere in the question, and the solution of man's identity lies in the mirror:

All things his heart can dream, or,
dreaming, find,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bear in themselves their own dissolving end.

Of the religious poems "Holy Saturday" (subtitled "The Blessing of the Bees") is quite successful and contains this onomatopoetic figure—"zigzags through the zither of the air." There are a number of effective short poems, and one contains most of its poetry in the title "The Soul Drinks Like a Wolf," which is a symbol worthy of Francis Thompson.

STRANGE JOURNEY: A Novel in Sonnets, by Marsha Allen. Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $2. The telling of an involved dramatic love story in the sonnet form is a severe test of rhyming ingenuity and technical controls. Marsha Allen has devised an ease of language within the difficult patterns, and the story with its numerous characters moves along in pictorial flashes. The tale itself is a melodramatic sequence of events in which each sonnet is an episode or chapter. However, the narrative never develops into a novel with its necessary characterizations, suspense, and denouement despite all of the sordid and tragic incidents recounted. At times pathos breaks down to bathos. The poet has turned many neat sonnets here but has not achieved a believable story for all of her painstaking efforts in compression of language and use of poetic artifice.

POEMS OF EDWIN MARKHAM, selected and arranged by Charles L. Wallis. Harper. $2.75. Edwin Markham lived and died the bard. He was a prophet of his people, a poet in the tribal and traditional sense. No ivory tower could contain him. His ideas, his songs, his passion came from his association with people. He never asked adulation as the pet of society; all he wanted was an audience and he applied all of the techniques of the evangelist and humanist to gain the ear of the people. Let other poets whisper or speak conundrums. He shouted and was heard. Ten years after his death, and with all of his books out of print, Professor Charles L. Wallis does the poetry world a

(*Continued on page* 41)

NEW EDITIONS

AS READERS of this department know, the Oxford University Press began publication in 1948 of an exceptionally fine, illustrated edition of Anthony Trollope's novels, under the general editorship of Michael Sadleir and Frederick Page. Oxford chose to kick off with the Parliamentary or Palliser group, the first two titles of which — "Can You Forgive Her?" and "Phineas Finn" — have made all good Trollopians wish for more in the same distinguished format. And now Alfred Knopf gives another push to the revival of interest in one of England's most enjoyable novelists by publishing a handsome edition of "Orley Farm" ($5) as the first in a series to be known as the Borzoi Trollope.

"Orley Farm" belongs to its author's peak period, 1855 to 1867; its plot was Trollope's favorite among the multitude that he devised; the book contains two of his most appealing characters, numerous minor figures that are shrewdly and amusingly drawn, and some lively comic scenes. Indeed, this novel ranks only a little below, but still below, the Barsetshire masterpieces and the best of the Palliser-Glencora tales. In it Trollope gives a remarkable display of his ability to move easily and surely on many levels of English society. He is as much at home with Moulder, the porcine commercial traveler, as he is with Sir Peregrine Orme, that singularly pure and innocent specimen of a once venerated type — the English Gentleman. Whatever his legal slip may have been — and these are discussed by Henry S. Drinker, who provides this new edition with an introduction and a somewhat superfluous summary of the legal plot — there is no doubt that Trollope knew his way around among members of the legal profession: in this one novel there are more than a half dozen well-differentiated lawyers to prove the fact. The real heroine of the book, of course, is Lady Mason and, having aroused our interest in her from the first, the author steadily increases our sympathy for her as his own tenderness towards the once errant lady grows. Readers who do not know Trollope will find in "Orley Farm" a fair sample of what he has to offer. Readers who fail to enjoy what they find will be deserving of much pity.

Anyone who wishes to remind himself that the novel is a literary form so protean and so all-embracing as almost to defy definition need only turn from "Orley Farm" to a new pair of Bantam Giants: "The Gallery," by John Horne Burns, and Ira Wolfert's "The Underworld" (35¢ each). Both are engrossing works of realistic fiction. The first depicts Americans abroad, as invaders of North Africa and Italy, the hub of the narrative wheel being the Galleria Umberto in the heart of Naples. The second, originally published as "Tucker's People," depicts Americans at home, engaged in the Harlem "policy game" and allied racketeering. Neither book paints a pretty picture but the second must give the greater comfort to Moscow. While both writers have vigorous talents, Mr. Burns has the more catholic view of human nature, as well as the greater literary brilliance, and Mr. Wolfert, although obviously an authority on one segment of American society, defeats his own purpose by too strenuous an attempt to convince his readers that "business" is a synonym of "evil," that "the profit system" is nothing more than organized, authorized chicanery, robbery, and murder. Still a third reprint — this time a Signet Giant (35¢) — that has little good to say about "the American way of life" is Richard Wright's savage "Native Son."

Recent additions to Pantheon's charmingly designed Novel Library are Benjamin Constant's unique masterpiece, "Adolphe," Maupassant's "A Woman's Life," and Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" ($1.25 each). New Directions has reissued Carson McCullers's fascinating, fantastic, eccentric little tale, "Reflections in a Golden Eye" ($1.50). From the same publisher come Henry James's "The Aspern Papers" and "The Europeans" in a single volume ($1.50), the first being a somewhat overwritten long short story, the second one of the author's most genial novels. And James's highly interesting but only partially successful "The Princess Casamassima" is in Lehman's Chiltern Library (10s. 6d.). . . . Charles Jackson's "The Outer Edges" is a Signet (25¢). . . . For summer reading: Tiffany Thayer's "Three Musketeers and a Lady" (Signet); the same writer's "One Woman" (Pocket, 25¢); Jack Iams's "The French Touch" (Lion books, 25¢); Vincent McHugh's "I Am Thinking of My Darling" (Signet).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The "Strange Banner"

REMEMBER the poison-gas boys of World War II? Remember the way the McCormick-Patterson newspaper axis screamed itself hoarse trying to get the U. S. to use poison gas against the enemy?

That was six years ago. Since then the poison-gas boys haven't exactly been wanting for causes to keep themselves in fine rasping glottal condition. But a new cause has come along which dwarfs even the poison-gas affair of 1944. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Colonel McCormick has ever before had a tune which utilizes so many of the sour notes on his oversized editorial bugle. This new theme song of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* is directed against the United Nations, which it describes as a "mob" and a bunch of "pipsqueak bosses." In particular, Colonel McCormick is infuriated that American boys should be called upon to fight and die under the United Nations flag. The *New York Daily News* published pictures of the American flag and the U. N. flag side by side, then commented:

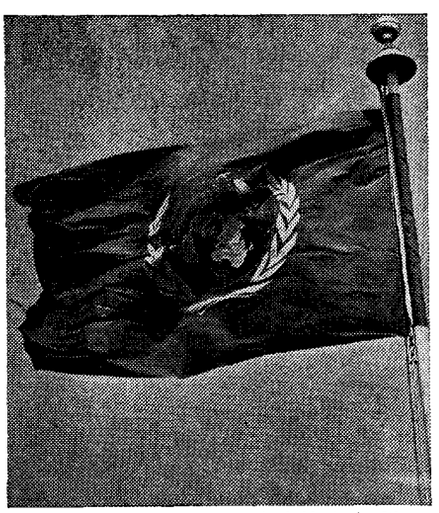
> It is being urged here and there that our men in Korea fight under the strange-looking banner pictured above, right, instead of the revered flag on the left. Another proposal is that the two flags get equal prominence in the combat zones. Under which of these flags do you think our men would do their best fighting—in Korea or anywhere else under God's glittering sun?

A few days later the *Daily News* really let fly, pelting what it described as that "cockeyed-looking U. N. flag," which was being flown alongside the Stars and Stripes. Meanwhile, the letters column of the *News*, anonymously applauding the editors, gave the United Nations one week to stop the war in Korea, failing which the United States should "tell the bums to pack up and go back to their own countries," so that the U. S. could save millions of dollars it is spending to "maintain these useless diplomats in the United States."

Colonel McCormick regards himself as the self-proclaimed protector of American virtue against Communism, but he must be worth at least a million dollars a week in cool propaganda cash to the Kremlin. Nothing that the Soviet can grind out in its own expensive propaganda mill, whether through short-wave equipment or printed matter or any other medium, can do as much damage to the American cause abroad as the McCormick brand of journalism. The *New York Daily News* and *Chicago Tribune* may be laughed off or discounted at home; but they happen to represent the two largest newspapers of the two largest American cities. It would be foolish to assume that irresponsibility of these dimensions is entirely without damaging effect abroad.

America's position in the world today is in critical balance. We need all the good will we can get at a time when the contest between America and Russia may be decided by the billion and a half people outside the two countries. This is a battle for peoples, a competition to get the preponderance of mankind under a single banner. It is battle in which common decency and everyday human relations are important and perhaps dominant. There is no easier way to cut ourselves off from the rest of the world than through a crass and conscienceless sneering at other peoples.

No one knows what the ultimate outcome of Korea will be. No one knows whether this is it; whether five years of tension, terror, and anguish have finally reached the saturation point; whether this is the spluttering fuse that may crack open the brittle flooring of the twentieth century. But if — and it may be one of history's biggest ifs — the fire in Korea can be kept within bounds, then the opportunity before the world community may be greater than at any time since San Francisco. This opportunity is directly related to the "strange banner" which enrages and is beyond the comprehension of Colonel McCormick. Victory in Korea for the U. N. forces can be a sturdy platform on which something more than a tentative peace may be built.



—*United Nation's Photo.*

United Nations flag—according to the N.Y. Daily News, a "cockeyed-looking banner."

In the light of Korea, it is freely admitted now at the U. N. that the great mistake at San Francisco was to sidestep the question of police powers. It is felt today, too, that the rules of the game were not too clearly defined and certainly were not backed up by adequate law-making and law-enforcing authority. If Russia had used the veto to block action against North Korea, the United Nations might not be alive today.

All this would seem to make dramatically clear the need for a revision conference of the United Nations at the earliest possible moment. If Russia or any nation refuses to go along with the attempt to strengthen the U. N., then it would be folly for the rest of the world to embrace chaos just because chaos is the policy of the Soviet. It is to the equal advantage of all nations to have a functioning and effective world organization enjoying the power of law, so long as it is established on the principles of due process and proper representation. The aim should be universal membership, of course; and those on the outside at the start should be given every opportunity to come in. But the attempt of the world to lay the foundations of a durable peace must not be blocked and kicked around because it serves the purposes of the lawbreaker to do so.

It is to be expected, of course, that the *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Daily News* will team up (joined by *The Daily Worker*) to cry out against the creation of a workable world society. There is, however, this consolation: they have been on the losing side of every important issue of the past fifteen years, and there is every indication that the losing streak will not be broken now.

Take a good look at that "cockeyed-looking flag," Colonel McCormick. The world is going to live with it for a long time, and America will be a better place because of it. Including Chicago. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Southern Bias

SIR: The review by Hodding Carter of "Scottsboro Boy" [*SRL* June 10] raises two important questions: the *type* of person who should appraise a book and the *content* of the appraisal.

Fairness calls for an informed but unbiased reviewer or else for double reviews, one by a con critic and the other by a pro critic. I believe that *SRL* thought Hodding Carter would be the fair-minded type, but the review shows that his Southern bias was too strong to permit judicial criticism.

Mr. Carter rants about Communism; this is interesting but does not concern the merits of the book as a book. He also seems shocked by Haywood Patterson's hatred of white people. This hatred would seem to have some basis because of the treatment Mr. Patterson has undergone as a "Scottsboro Boy."

To paraphrase Mr. Carter, he seems to be using this review as a sounding board for his own overriding purpose, namely, Negrophobia.

ARTHUR MEYER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: The Scottsboro Case may be a "Cause Célèbre & Cause CP," but it is primarily a *cause humaine*. This is what Hodding Carter has failed to realize in his anxiety to discredit the Communists who, incidentally, play only a small role in the life and writing of Scottsboro boy Haywood Patterson.

Mr. Carter assumes that Patterson did not "try to analyze the whys of his long mistreatment," thus suggesting that scholasticism would be preferable to personal account and background more important than result. The question here is: how long will "Southern liberal editors" continue to rationalize and philosophically reduce the misery of their fellow human beings?

It is a sad reflection on Southern "liberal" editorship that apologetics should replace review. (Incidentally, it is also a reflection on the editorship of *SRL*.)

And it is a matter of opinion whether Patterson is a less useful member of society than the "Southern liberal editor" who discounted his achievement.

H. WAYNE CONE.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: Because I do not always find myself in agreement with Hodding Carter, it is refreshing to note the care with which he documents the story of the Scottsboro case in his review of "Scottsboro Boy." Haywood Patterson and his amanuensis, Earl Conrad, a veteran follower of the Communist Party line, completely distorted in the interest of the Communist Party the story of the struggle to free the nine unfortunate Negro youths who were arrested and convicted of rape on the false accusations of two nondescript young white women. Most reviewers, either because they never knew the facts or did not bother to look them up, accepted at face value this calculated misrepresentation. We are indebted to Mr. Carter for recalling the true facts of this celebrated case and setting forth the vital role of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in saving the lives and gaining the liberation of these victims of injustice.

Haywood Patterson, of course, is entitled to counsel and assistance of his own choice. That he and his fellow victims finally yielded to the blandishments of the Communists is now history. But neither he nor Conrad has the right to rewrite, distort, and suppress history in the Soviet pattern.

WALTER WHITE.

Executive Secretary, NAACP.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I wonder if I could get you boys to plug this song I wrote."

Service, Please

SIR: Please, I miss very much the italicized notes at the foot of reviews telling us who the reviewers are. Won't you revert to this custom? And while you're about it, why not double the notation and give us just a word as to the author of the book or ask the reviewer to do so? In your June 10 issue, for instance, my curiosity is aroused as to who Dr. Morris E. Garnsey is. His book, "America's New Frontier," sounds mighty interesting but whence comes his authority?

LAURA R. WHITE.

Lakeland, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Morris E. Garnsey is professor of economics at the University of Colorado.*

Regardless of Sex

SIR: C. R. Wilmer [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SRL* May 20] seems to labor under the impression that marriage exists (1) as a means of economic support for women or (2) as a means of possession of one human being by another.

If the employment of married women "reduces the earning power of men" then what we need is not to prevent married women from entering gainful employment but to reform our economic system so that there will be jobs for all adults able to work—regardless of sex as well as of national descent, creed, or color.

I'm not sure just what a "social and commercial prostitute" is but I do know that the only way to achieve a true civilization is by complete sexual as well as other equality. Marriage is preserved, not destroyed, by becoming a partnership of equals. Men and women are human beings, primarily, male and female only secondarily.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Editing Problems

SIR: In Claude Hill's gracious and informing review of "The Thomas Mann Reader" [*SRL* June 10] there is a statement to which I must make exception. Mr. Hill writes:

"It is also arguable whether the editor is justified in condensing material to the point that several pages of the original are missing in the middle of a paragraph, with no hint given whatever."

I do not think that I have given "no hint . . . whatever" that cuts were made. I stated in my "Editor's Note and Acknowledgements," at the very beginning of the book, that in four selections from the novels I had made "alterations in the text, entirely in the author's words, in order to give continuity to passages that could not, I felt, be omitted." There I also stated that "I have had Thomas Mann's consent to this and his approval of my . . . alterations." Also, in my commentary on the individual selections in which

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alterations were made, I did (with one unfortunate exception for which I take full responsibility) call the reader's attention to the fact that the original had been cut.

I agree with Mr. Hill that "it is arguable" how cuts should be indicated. After considerable discussion of the problem with Thomas Mann we concluded it would be better to make "bridges" in the author's words rather than to interrupt the flow of the narrative by asterisks or by footnotes. I feel that my covering note at the beginning of the book and my notations within the individual commentaries do—with that one unfortunate exception—make very clear to the reader the fact that cuts were made in the original text.

JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL.

New Haven, Conn.

Anyway, He's a Yankee

SIR: May I offer one small correction in the biographic note which accompanies the review of Catherine Drinker Bowen's "John Adams and the American Revolution" in *SRL* June 17?

Reference is made to Mrs. Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus": "Excerpts from 'Yankee' became, in another's hands, a hit play."

I assume that this refers to my own play "The Magnificent Yankee," which Arthur Hopkins produced in 1946. If so, the following facts will be of interest:

The play does not derive from Mrs. Bowen's book. It is based in part on research undertaken in 1942 on a Rockefeller Foundation grant and in part on Francis Biddle's "Mr. Justice Holmes," which was published by Scribner's in 1942.

I am happy to report that the film, for which I wrote the screen play, is now in production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Louis Calhern is once more playing Justice Holmes.

EMMET LAVERY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Masefield and GI's

SIR: That the works of John Masefield were found by Horace Gregory ["Masefield: Shock of Rediscovery," *SRL* May 20] to be suitable for rediscovery came as a pleasurable surprise. For too many years England's Poet Laureate has been relegated to high-school anthologies.

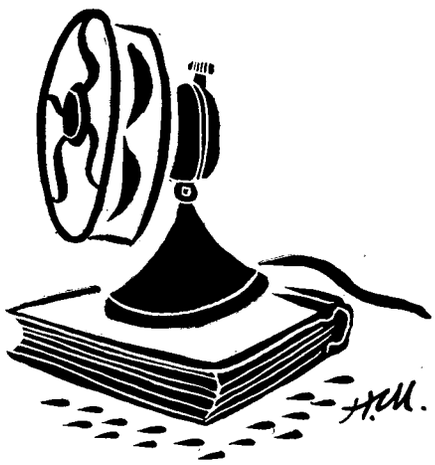
My rediscovery of the poet was made early in 1944 in England. As a member of an engineer battalion waiting for the coming invasion of Normandy I was lucky enough to hear Masefield recite.

It happened this way: When a rather literate young soldier learned that the poet lived nearby he hastened to see him in Abington and rashly invited him to recite to the members of our unit who might be interested. But the young man found little enthusiasm for the proposed recital when he returned to camp later that day. In fact, the attitude of his fellow GI's was such that a telephone call canceling the affair seemed the best solution. But the battalion commander heard of the invitation and insisted the recital be held as scheduled. To insure a sizeable audience he ordered two officers and twenty enlisted men from each company to attend.

Great were the moanings at the mess hall that evening when about 100 unwilling soldiers waited cynically to be shown. Masefield clattered up to the building in a jeep dispatched for him. He wore a blue suit, then dusty from the ride, a soft shirt, and no hat. His white hair was abundant and striking. He was young in thought and action, graceful, brimful of charm and personality.

The apathetic soldiers, expecting to doze, found themselves absorbed from the start. They sat on the edge of their benches as they listened to stories in rhythm told by a master. Masefield could tune his clear voice on low volume or boom it up into full throat. He had the men weaving with his every motion; hypnosis or an all-girl show could not have been more effective. Ballads and poems of the sea and England came in rapid succession. Some were sad, some gay, but all were received with enthusiasm and applause.

For soldiers training to kill, but not wanting to, Masefield had plucked



some little-used strings deep down. I thought he was wonderful and so did everyone else in the mess hall that night.

WALTER E. GLASSER.

Summit, N. J.

Trenchant Fragments

SIR: I have just read "Fragments from a French Diary," by David L. Cohn [*SRL* June 24], and I hasten to tell you that of all the thousands of articles written about the great country of France—and most of them trash—this is the best, the very best.

First let me say that the paragraphs on the fashion industry are the most witty, the most trenchant, and the most accurate I have ever read. I was part of that world for eight years and felt as the writer did about it. But it is the ambience around the designers that irritated me the most—the buyers (many of them to steal the ideas), the magazine harpies, the sycophants, the silly millionairesses, and above all the suffocating atmosphere of snobbism that permeates the whole business. The French know all this, and I am sure they have little relish for it, but they know it is necessary for their success, so they encourage it—with the tongue in the cheek.

The remarks on the telephone will delight anybody who has lived in France, and how wittily Mr. Cohn has done it! Also, he is one of the few writers who has ever mentioned the French love for our American gadgets—they are intrigued by them, but they ignore most of them, happily. I'd hate to see France mechanized to the extent that we are.

Above all, all through the article I sensed that Mr. Cohn loves and admires the French—certainly he understands them—and that pleases me enormously, for I have a deep feeling for them and for their country. I do not think any other country would support an influx of tourists every year as gracefully and patiently, even though those same tourists bring wealth to the country. And yet not a year passes without my hearing agonized yelps from returning tourists who shriek to the heavens that they were gypped, robbed, and swindled at every turn. Well, the same thing has happened to me right here in New York. Even in Hoboken when disembarking from a Dutch steamer I could not find a single taxi driver who would take me to Manhattan for less than $10.

RICHARD E. MYERS.

New York, N. Y.

Lost Art of Living

SIR: On page 37 of the May 27 *SRL* there appeared side by side Elizabeth Bowen's pertinent questions regarding modern nostalgia for the Golden Age and the account of how the U. S. Army, through Major Emard, delivered Pinkie's letter to Tami and expedited transmission of the reply.

Is not the latter a partial answer to the former? Human beings are not less than they were but we are beset with exact figures and inexact thinking; our leaders tell us so exactly what kind of road they propose to build that they neglect to tell us where it is to lead us; we have become virtuosi of living, and have lost the art. This is the reason for nostalgia for the days when Nelson could speak inspired words to Hardy on the quarterdeck without fear that a wire recording of what he had said would find its way to the Admiralty offices for a cold-blooded analysis of his grammar and diction, after the occasion and the inspiration were past.

HENRY WILLIAM KAUFMANN.

South Acton, Mass.

Erratum

SIR: "Still the Heart Sings," by Ronald Kirkbride, which appeared in *SRL* June 10 among fiction reviews, was credited to Doubleday & Co., price $3.50—whereas the book is, of course, a Frederick Fell publication, price $2.75.

RUTH AMSLOW.

New York, N. Y.

Ex Egos

SIR: In our family we earnestly agree with every point made in the editorial "In Defense of a Writing Career" [*SRL* June 17].

But why have so many writers "been writing out of their egos instead of out of their consciences . . . been preoccupied with human neuroses to the virtual exclusion of human nobility . . . to avoid sentimentality, divorced themselves from human sentiment and human emotion"?

Is it not partly because, as Tolstoy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once said in effect, that happy people are not the stuff of literature? Yet individuals or groups who in living reasonably approach their "moral capacity" are quite certainly as happy as it is possible for human beings to be in any given period of history.

Why have we had a Dry-Eyed Period of American Literature?

Is it not partly because serious writers of the past three decades have been made "afraid" by critical opinion in high places?

Perhaps it has just happened that few really able writers in recent years have seen or believed in "human nobility." Perhaps a positive school cannot take precedence over the negative until at least one Titan comes on to head it up. But while we wait for him would it not be helpful if some critical encouragement were afforded those with lesser talents who see what they will see and who try to portray it? If a firm line cannot be drawn between sentimentality and "honest sentiment and honest emotion," can we not recognize that a delicate line exists and is perpendicular, not a cancel mark straight across the board?

GLADYS HASTY CARROLL.

South Berwick, Me.

SIR: The editorial concerning a writing career is an enduring article, destined to heighten the spirit of thousands of would-be writers. Particularly arresting are the two statements that you, as well as all too many potential writers, just love to shout to the heavens: "The need for new writers I am thinking of has to do with the type of book and voice America is hungering for today." And, "That type of book will not be afraid to deal with great themes and great ideas."

In short, the whole article champions the cause for new writers' "surmountable difficulties"; but its sweeping statements are of little purpose except to suck as many as possible into suffering the final reward of Writer Unwanted so that the Successfuls weeded out will total a greater number.

I'm sorry. Encouragement with a somewhat revised melody will have to be rung in my ears. No doubt disastrously, I must go along with the journalism senior who walked into your offices. Those "serious doubts" of his are a potent reality beyond any repair for years to come.

But please, more similar articles are needed in the wide open—and I, an English major who refuses to write, shan't fail to read them. Give me courage, someone.

LLOYD R. HILSABECK.

Redfield, S. D.

SIR: From the time the first movie article appeared ["The Free Ride," *SRL* Jan. 21] I have sided with Mr. Cousins's analysis and point of view. The one point that remained unclear was why, exactly, had not the film industry been able to raise its cultural level during the past twenty-five years, despite the many bold spirits who had tried.

I believe a key to the answer is supplied in Mr. Cousins's June 17 editorial. In speaking of our contemporary American literature he says, "Beneath the hard and shiny surface of the school of the supersophisticated there is no blood or bones, merely a slice of life too thin to have meaning." This statement is true also of some of our music, much of painting, a good deal of our theatre, and most of our movies. Historically, we know that periods of creative vacuity usually embraced all forms of creative expression. Thus we could hardly expect to find high-level movies in a literary period of thin-sliced life.

When we graduate or are pushed into an era of honest and meaningful creativeness, we shall find ourselves surrounded by good books, enjoyable symphonies, and fine movies. At the moment we are historically unjustified in singling out for criticism one form of artistic expression when the others are equally bad. Pointing the finger at the movies, a comparatively young art, is like asking a five-year-old to account for the behavior of his parents and older brothers and sisters. We must first straighten out the family tree before we can help the juvenile delinquent.

ALBERT TROSSMAN.

Montreal, Canada.

Hell: Women's Wing

SIR: Hell ["Where Hell Begins," *SRL* May 27] is a series of rooms.

Of course there will be a room for Menotti to reflect on what he has failed to accomplish. And in the Women's Wing there will be a small alcove or niche for women artists. Their special torment will be the conflict within themselves. Theirs will be a twin creativity. Throughout all time they will feel warring siblings struggle inside them, the Jacob and Esau who are brothers but who do not look alike. The need for self-expression which plagues the singer, the writer, the painter, the dancer, will never be at peace with the hunger for fulfilment as a woman and as a mother. The woman who is an artist will be forever running from the ironing board to the typewriter, from the cookstove to the easel, feeling guilty, at each, that she is not at the other.

And there will be voices in this room. They will say: "You are neglecting your children by playing the piano." "Men don't like women who are too smart." "You'll destroy your husband's ambition." "You'll never get married if you tell people you write poetry." "Architecture and sculpture are so unfeminine." "If you put a love scene in your novel people will think it's autobiographical, and then they'll talk about you." "You have no right to paint all morning. You must sew on buttons, and you should join the PTA and the Women's Auxiliary."

These voices can never be rejected nor ever quite believed, and that is the special torment for artists who are also women.

MARIA CHAMPAGNE.

Albany, N. Y.

Wanted: H-Bomb-Proof Library

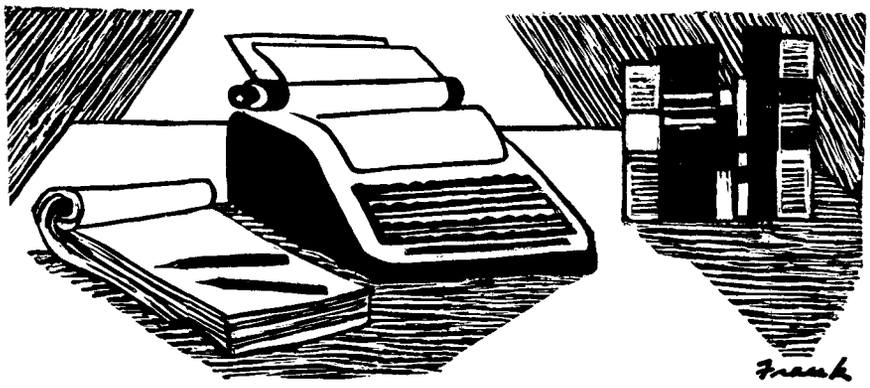
SIR: Since 1907, the year of the Helicon Hall fire, I have preserved all papers and records in a fire-proof storeroom. I now have some 500 carton boxes full; also foreign editions, autographed books, and a vast miscellany. Recent rumors concerning an H-bomb seem to indicate that these literary treasures should be housed somewhere in mid-continent. I should be interested in hearing from some library or museum which would agree to give them proper housing and make them available to scholars in the future.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

"The only thing that's going to save the world is a paper shortage."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Care and Treatment of Young Writers

CYNTHIA HOBART GLEASON

THE ENCOURAGEMENT to new writers in *SRL*'s June 17 editorial, "In Defense of a Writing Career," is all very well but I quarrel with the theory that it is the writer who is on the spot.

I was in New York recently, specifically to talk to magazine editors about some ideas for articles and short stories I had. I didn't expect everything to be smooth sailing because of previous experiences. In fact, I went through a baptism of fire as a "junior writer" in a motion-picture studio working for a man whose main form of entertainment was reading original material to a group of other young writers and making fun of it as he went along. This, when the work had been done in good faith, was naturally intolerable and resulted in the young people ceasing to write at all. Some of them who had shown considerable talent quit for good and never went back to it because in a few months' time this man destroyed their faith in themselves.

However, prepared as I was for rebuffs, I wasn't prepared for the attitude of disinterest displayed by some editors even before the subject of the appointment was discussed. There is nothing as dispiriting as the "nothing-you-can-possibly-say-could-interest-me" attitude.

One editor, with whom I had made an appointment from California two weeks in advance, looked up from some proofs she was reading and said, "Sit down, my dear; I am sorry I can give you only five minutes as I have an appointment with my milliner. To make a long story short, we feel the American public is not interested in any way in the subject you outlined, and, as for the article idea, it bores me. Now you talk." I said that that left me very little to say, wished her luck with her hat, and left. Later I sold both pieces to another magazine.

Another was interested in an article I suggested which, among other things, included an anecdote about a very well-known woman writer who happened to be a friend of mine. The editor showed tremendous enthusiasm for the piece, we discussed the price, and I was told to go ahead with it. Then she came in for the kill with the suggestion that, as long as this article mentioned the famous writer, it would be more valuable to the magazine if it also carried her by-line. When I recovered from my shock I explained in a fine, abrasive tone that the writer in question was more than able to submit her own material, for which she was paid exactly six times what I was for mine, and, besides that, ghost-writing was a little out of my line.

A couple either thumbed through scripts or answered phone calls as I tried to discuss stories with them. All of this ended with my getting a bull-headed attitude toward all the magazines concerned and the conviction that I-never-would-work-for-them-even-if-they-wanted-me-to-so-there.

The net result of my first interviews was nothing but a violent state of depression and the thought that maybe interior decoration would have been a better career for me, after all. Consequently I was pretty surly when I went to see the editor of a very large women's magazine. She rose and shook hands with me, asked me to sit down, offered me a cigarette, and said, "Now, tell me more about these ideas; they sound very interesting." Repressing the desire to leap across the desk and kiss her I plunged in, and as her interest was obvious, my enthusiasm for the subject grew and I became quite articulate. At the end of our discussion she had some concrete suggestions for the handling of the articles, told me to outline them and she would turn them over to the editorial staff, and asked me if I had done any fiction. I had an old short story written years before, which I had always meant to rewrite, and found myself telling it to her. She liked it, said it was more the kind of thing used by another magazine which was published by the same company. She then took me into the editorial offices of this magazine and introduced me to the staff and, when I finished telling them the story, she took me on a tour of the magazine offices because she thought it would be a good idea for me to have a look at the various departments and see how the place was run. All told, this took about an hour and a half of her extremely valuable time, but it wasn't wasted because she has in me an abject slave for life and she might even get some material the magazine can use.

SOME years ago, before I had done any magazine work, another editor took the time to talk to me and instead of the "what-have-you-done?" point of view she discussed with me what it was I wanted to do. At the end of our conversation she said that there was very little work needed as far as her publication was concerned, but that they did need travel articles so why didn't I take a crack at that? Without her encouragement I would never have taken a step as big as I did when I whipped off for Cuba to write about it. The article came off satisfactorily, and the editor took the trouble to come to my home to bring me the proof of the piece because she thought that being the first thing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had in print I would wish to keep it like the first dollar bill in a new store. I have kept it and I have done a considerable amount of work for the magazine ever since. All my material has been treated with respect and consideration and any ideas submitted listened to with interest and attention. Even if I were knocking out another "War and Peace" I'd stop in the middle to do a job for this magazine if they wanted it.

Now I think the necessity for this feeling of gratitude for a kind or even civil word from the editor is wrong because someone is going to have to write those words that cover the pages not filled by ads, and if all the young writers die of terror before they are ever really able to write, who is going to do it? It would be a sad thing for the world if the writer, like the great auk, were to become extinct. Therefore I submit the Writer Conservation Project. The W.C.P. can be brought to the attention of editors without the use of publicity campaigns — such as "Be Kind to Writers Week" or "You Can Save an Author Day"—by the simple device of a printed form distributed at W.C.P. expense. These forms must have an arresting appearance, like those which say, "Occupancy by more than 124 persons is dangerous and unlawful." They should read as follows:

ATTENTION EDITOR

A young writer is a Timid Thing; approach it quietly, showing a little interest.

It is passionately devoted to its own adjectives so never make fun of its work.

If the material submitted is just awful, tell it so honestly, but if at all possible prevent trauma by throwing in a phrase like "That was a nice descriptive passage you had there."

Be kind to it but don't patronize it.

Keep in mind that it comes in two types. Type A is sick with fear and doesn't think the piece is any good anyway, and if you are mean to it it will die. Type B thinks the piece is too good for you but needs the money so if you are unresponsive it knows this is because you are too stupid to appreciate real worth when you see it. Tolerance is advocated in both cases.

Don't stare out of the window, peek into a manuscript, clean a drawer, or look as if you were planning your day while it talks. This infuriates it and it becomes uncreative and impossible to handle.

Remember to listen; it might have something to say.

* * *

If these rules are followed you will have it eating out of your hand.

The Film Forum

AFRICA TODAY

***The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

DAYBREAK IN UDI

Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (45 min.)

The British Government has made a number of films about British Colonial Africa but "Daybreak in Udi," this year's Academy Award winner in the feature-length documentary field, is the best of the lot so far. It has many unusual qualities, not the least of which is the fact that it interests and entertains its audience instead of bombarding them with impressive scenery and statistics.

"Daybreak in Udi" is an enacted documentary, with a plot, a number of capable actors, and even a villain (perhaps the best actor of the lot). But the village in Nigeria where the action takes place is the real hero of the film. The story concerns the desire of the more progressive villagers for a maternity center, staffed by a trained, native midwife from the city. Sporadic opposition from the leader of the conservatives culminates in an early-dawn attempt to drive away the midwife. However, common sense prevails and after an all-out celebration the villagers pitch in to continue their pursuit of Western progress and begin a road to link them to the next village.

If the plot outline seems less than thrilling it is because an outline of necessity leaves out the people involved, and this is primarily a film of people. Each is clearly drawn and sharply defined — the testy Englishman who is the colonial officer, the intelligent interpreter, the earnest young couple eager to institute reforms, the midwife from the city trying to conceal her terror of the fantastic bush country, the troublemaker who tries to stop the project. The big cast of extras has taken on the job of acting with the same enthusiasm and energy with which they clear the land, build foundations, mix adobe, or stage a celebration.

Seldom has a film about another race or country succeeded so well in imparting a sense of the vitality and humanity of the individuals. The people of Udi, though still in a fairly primitive stage of development, should not be difficult for American audiences to understand for local pride is the factor which finally swings most of the opposition into line. If they don't build the maternity center the next village will. The song the villagers sing as they work on the road at the close of the film is translated by the interpreter: "We are stronger than the next town. Our road goes far. When we dig, the earth crumbles away. A tree falls and the earth shakes with our strength. . . . We have power and we have spirit. A thousand men dig and the dust from their hoes rises to the sky. Our road goes far. Who knows where it will go? Who knows?"

The question of propaganda is bound to come up in regard to any film which deals, even remotely, with government policy. How accurate "Daybreak in Udi" is as to the relationship between the representatives of the British Government and the native population is impossible for an outsider to say. Since the relationship, in the film, seems to be on an excellent footing of understanding and cooperation, it could be called good propaganda. The emphasis, however, is not on the activities of the British official — he provides some materials for the building and smooths out some difficulties, but otherwise stays on the sidelines. Instead, the effect of the film is to convince the viewer that here are energetic and intelligent people fitting themselves for self-government and a more advanced standard of living. That is not exactly the old sun-never-sets imperialistic idea. If it is propaganda it is at least of an enlightened kind. "Daybreak in Udi" was produced for Crown Film Unit by John Taylor and Max Anderson, directed by Terry Bishop from a scenario by Montague Slater. The musical accompaniment was written by William Alwyn and played by the London Philharmonic.

NEW WAYS FOR OLD MOROCCO

Produced and distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (20 min.)

Another film dealing with new developments in Africa, this French production tells of the joint efforts of two villages, previously enemies, to bring water to their parched valley in North Africa. Working together, under the supervision of government engineers, they clear the land and build the needed canal.

The film conveys vividly the dry and barren quality of the land, and the back-breaking, unending labor necessary to gain the essentials of life. Since it ends with the opening of the canal, there is no opportunity to show the changes brought about by the irrigation. The people are shown always in groups, never as individuals, and as a result the film lacks the warmth and interest of "Daybreak in Udi." However, it is an interesting picture of the changes coming to the underdeveloped regions of Africa.

—EMILY S. JONES.

Since 1945 Emily Jones has been executive secretary of the Educational Film Library Association in New York.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History.

Since time's dawn men have been fond of comparing the age in which their lot has fallen with previous ages to the disparagement of their own. At the root of most such reflections is nostalgia—the same nostalgia that has made books of the "Life with Father" school so popular in recent years. Latest and one of the more delightful books of this type is Felicia Lamport's "Mink on Weekdays" (reviewed on page 34), the recollections of a well-heeled New York woman who has grown reminiscent while still on the brink of middle age. Present-day romanticizing about the past so exasperated Clyde Brion Davis that he delved into his own boyhood to prove in "The Age of Indiscretion" that 1950 is superior to 1900. Readers seeking echoes of medieval romance in the present will find it in "The Little Princesses," Marion Crawford's account of her tutelage of Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

Elizabeth, Margaret Rose & Crawfie

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES. By Marion Crawford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 314 pp. $3.50.

By Pamela Taylor

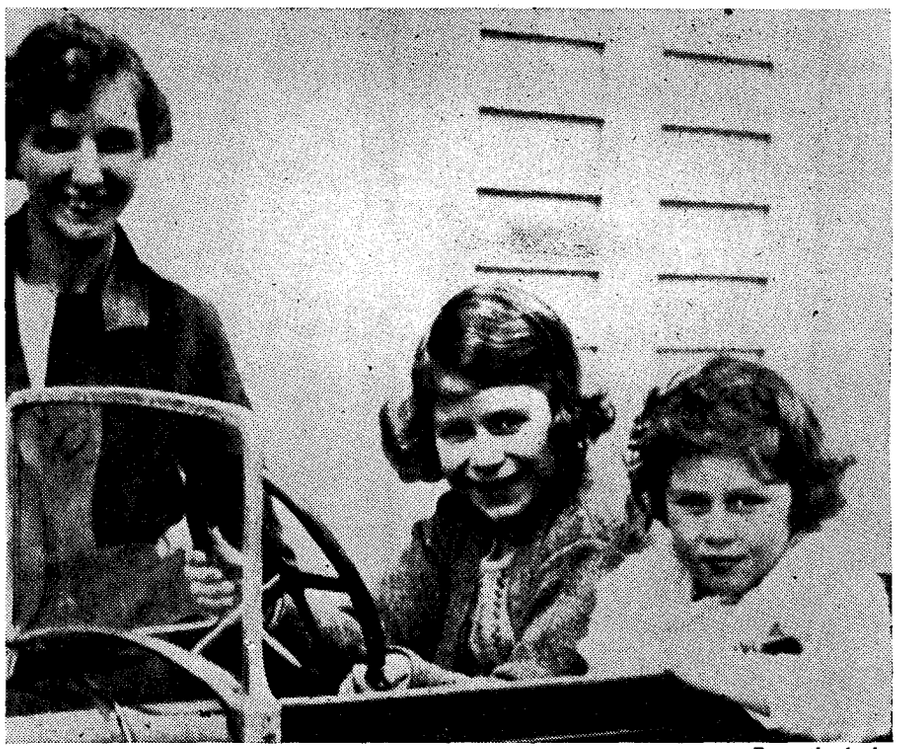
ROYALTY — what there is left of it—has substituted duty and decorum for what was once considered its divine right to behave with license not tolerated in its loyal subjects. Though this makes them on the whole less colorful and more sedate, glamour still clings to crowned heads, and only snobs refuse to admit the fascination of behind-the-scenes information about palace life.

We have had two generous slices of such information this year. Painful as the unwelcome and unsought publicity may be to the British Royal Family, they have been discussed at some length by the Duke of Windsor, and now comes an intimate picture of the lives of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, told by Marion Crawford, for seventeen years governess to the Royal Family.

From the time when her first photographs were released, Princess Elizabeth was the particular darling of English nannies and of children everywhere; little girls were dressed like her as she grew older; when she and her little sister appeared without hats, hats were promptly abandoned by fashionable children the world over. But the passionate interest which her wedding and the birth of her son aroused all over the globe proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that Princess Elizabeth's admirers were by no means confined to the Empire.

In these, the recollections of her admiring governess, we have a warm, delightful, and intimate picture of the childhood of an heir to England's throne, a childhood which covered what may possibly be the most momentous years in England's history. Marion Crawford (she was "Crawfie" to the princesses) was Scotch born and she had finished her work at the Moray House Training College in Edinburgh with a strong sense of vocation for teaching. A summer-holiday tutoring assignment led to a meeting with the then Duke and Duchess of York and to the suggestion that she come to them as governess. There were those, the Duchess admitted to her, who thought the appointment was unwise because of her youth (Crawfie suspected that King George and Queen Mary were among them), but they wanted someone who would play games with the little girls, romp with them, give them a happy childhood. So Crawfie went to the Royal Lodge at Windsor and saw her little charges, aged two and five, for the first time. The household which she entered was distinguished chiefly by the devotion of its members to each other. The frail-looking, youthful Duke and his tiny, pretty wife were very much in love, very domestic and quiet, and there was no reason to suppose that their roles would ever be of great importance in the Empire, nor that anything resembling "higher education" would be necessary for their daughters. A laughing childhood and later a happy marriage seemed their ambition for their daughters, and they were quite willing to turn over all the educational responsibility to the new governess.

Bit by bit Marion Crawford creates an engaging and lively portrait of the Princesses, their particular charms and highly individual differences. She records a vivid and detailed account of lives made happy against the constant odds of being forever in the public eye, pathetically restricted for that reason in so many ways, surprisingly simple in many others. Her narrative, which comes to a close after the birth of Elizabeth's son, is admiring without being fulsome, intimate without vulgarity.

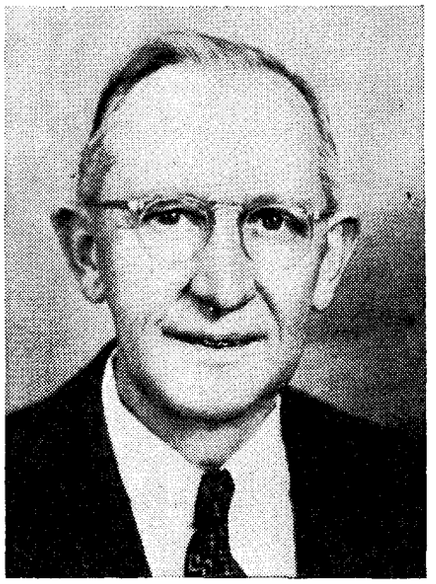


—*From the book.*

Marion Crawford with her charges—"a laughing childhood and a happy marriage."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rise of Down-Easter



Franklin P. Gould — "something of a tradition."

A MAINE MAN IN THE MAKING. By Franklin F. Gould. New York: Harper & Bros. 212 pp. $2.50.

By Henry Beston

ACCORDING to the "old people," and that's the term we use in Maine for those who have preceded us, the state was no "bower of roses by Bendimeer's stream" in the 1890's. The region had taken a terrible biological chastening in the Civil War and, still weakened by the death of so many of her young men — one should see the records of my own Nobleboro—, had had to take it easy for a generation and wait for a new crop of boys to rise out of the short summers and the forest encircled fields. When the lads had grown up there was apparently not much for them to do, the great days of sailoring and lumbering being pretty well at an end. In consequence the youngsters scattered everywhre, and on the hardworked and hardworking farms it was expected that some of the boys, to use Mr. Gould's phrase, would "go to another state for a job." But the situation depicted above is the background of this vigorous narrative.

Mr. Gould begins with his boyhood on the farm. It was a womanless farm, which is rather a rarity in domestic Maine, the mother of the family having taken the older children and retired to the village. Finally only one little chap remained with his father. Thus left solitary, the boy and the father, a Civil War veteran, carried on the farm work and fended for themselves, the youngster doing practically all the cooking. The farming in the foreground of their lives was the cyclical round of all farms, the eternal recurrence of birth, fruition, and death, of ploughing, milking, barn chores, and barn manure carried on in an era of sink pumps and oil lamps, and Mr. Gould gives it in its Maine aspect with a spirited authenticity which ought to be tonic for an age as afraid of life as ours. Characters, too, move across the pages, among them the hired man and the hired girl, who run away together like the "maiden all forlorn" and the "man all tattered and torn" of the nursery rhyme.

From this round of work the boy escapes by coming into adolescence and meeting the challenge of time and place to go and earn his living. Off he goes, this youngster in his farm jeans, with hardly a cent more than carfare in his pocket. Somehow he makes his rustic way to Boston, to Newport, Rhode Island, to an unnamed city which appears to be Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and again to Boston, closing his travels with a return to Maine and a job as a railway mail clerk.

I imagine that such a farmer-wage earner is with this book for the first time articulate in Maine writing. There is a particularly good sketch, moreover, of the State of Mainer who went "West" and returned in his old age to thrill a winter's night with tales of Comanche war parties and homesteading on the prairie. We have all known such neighbors as Mr. Gould's "Uncle Levi," and the author's sketch of his kinsman is one of the best things in the book.

The account is written in that good, sound narrative prose which is something of a Maine tradition. The state has its roots in the eighteenth century and Defoe and Smollett are in the blood as well as the rhythms of the Scriptures. Mr. Gould has given us a Maine book every friend of Maine will be glad to add to his collection.

Poems Are Letters

By Norma Lay

FROM a journey within a journey,
into ineffable post boxes
I mail my words to all I love.
To Ray and Cora, who took me
to a county fair the evening we
met at a motor court. To mountains,
where on one's journey one
drowns in purple.
To the sea, happily glimpsed,
attended rapturously.
To sun, to a dog at the end of a day
who wags a frivolous greeting.
To gulls, to pelicans, to all
beings with wings,
poems are letters.

"LUXURIOUS HUMOR" — Hawkins, World-Tel.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present in association with LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

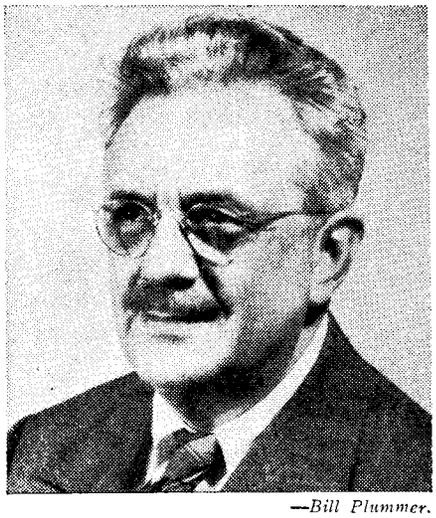
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD for YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
the ETHEL WATERS in Member of the Wedding
with JULIE HARRIS
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'y & 40 St. Mats. Wed & Sat.

Broadway's Most Exciting Play
—AND ONE OF THE FUNNIEST
RALPH BELLAMY in "DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit Play
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.00 to 1.20. Tax included.
BROADHURST, 44 St., W. of B'way (Air-Cond.)

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS AWARD for YEAR'S BEST MUSICAL!
THE CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
with MARIE POWERS • PATRICIA NEWAY
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William H. Belk—"too little information."



—*Bill Plummer.*

Clyde B. Davis—"few intermediate tones."

Merchant Prince & Chain

WILLIAM HENRY BELK: Merchant of the South. By LeGette Blythe. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 225 *pp.* $2.75.

By Charles S. Sydnor

THE CIVIL War was in its last weeks and William Henry Belk was almost three years old when his father was drowned, presumably by marauders of General W. T. Sherman's army. During the hard years of Reconstruction the widowed young mother held on to the mortgaged farm, gave her three small children the best schooling available in the community, and grounded them in the Presbyterian faith. In 1873, when Henry was eleven years old, the family moved from South Carolina to Monroe, North Carolina. There at the age of fourteen he got a job as a clerk in the leading store of this small town at a salary of $5 a month. At the end of three months he had saved $14.85. Twelve years later with savings of $750 and a loan of $500 at 10-per-cent interest he opened his own store. Copying John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, Belk introduced the fixed-price, cash system in a region where bargaining and long credit had been customary. He worked hard from daylight until well into the night. As he later explained, he was too busy working to get married until he was fifty-three years old.

During the panic of 1893, five years after opening his own store, Mr. Belk bought the stock of a bankrupt rival, opened a store at Chester, South Carolina, and placed it under the management of a relative. After another two years he left the Monroe store to his brother John and established at Charlotte the store which has become the headquarters of the expanding system. By the end of 1949 he controlled nearly 300 stores in the towns and smaller cities of the South and he had invested in "cotton mills, garment factories, hotels and office buildings, farm-implement manufacturing companies, telephone companies, banks, flour mills."

The 300 or so Belk stores are united in a way that would shock an efficiency expert. More than sixty are separate entities; the rest are in some two dozen groups, and some of these are split into sub-groups. Mr. Belk, so we are told, keeps close watch over all parts of his decentralized, complex business, and we suppose he understands it. The reader of this book is allowed to see dimly only the broadest outlines. After all, Mr. Belk at eighty-eight years old is still very much in business and he is "chary of giving figures to the idly curious." But this much is clear. He has attained many of the advantages of the chain-store while keeping each store close-rooted in its local community.

LeGette Blythe, author and newspaperman of Mr. Belk's home town, tells much of the story in Mr. Belk's own words, and the rest is based chiefly on information supplied by Mr. Belk and his associates. Too little information gets into the book for it to be much more than a tribute to a great merchant. The opportunity to throw light on an unusual facet of American business history was missed almost entirely.

Charles S. Sydnor is professor of American history at Duke University. His publications include "The Growth of Southern Sectionalism."

"Good Old Days"?

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION. By Clyde Brion Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 284 *pp.* $3.

By Alvin F. Harlow

CLYDE BRION DAVIS, Midwesterner, whose books have nearly all been novels and who has difficulty in keeping this one out of the same genre, theoretically irked by nostalgic oldsters and philosophers gloomy over the decline of our culture, has set himself to expose false claims of "the good old days." In a first chapter, whose pontification has rarely been equaled for cocksureness, he silences such pessimists as T. S. Eliot, President Hutchins, Irwin Edman, and Ortega y Gasset, leaving them without a leg to stand on. He is particularly hard on "Dr. Eliot"—as he jeeringly calls him—presumably because Eliot was born in Mr. Davis's own Missouri and therefore should know better. But he has no difficulty in disposing of Eliot, who is so vulnerable as to be "a sitting duck. You could knock him over with a stick."

No small part of this book is devoted to a picture—with not a few irrelevancies—of the author's boyhood and his home town of Chillicothe, Missouri, as it was at the beginning of the present century and as it is today, with descriptions of the present school, playground, water and electric systems, and names of public officials, all to the great discredit of 1900. Many of his charges are true bills, of course. Since 1900 there have been enormous advances in such fields as literacy, science, medicine, social service, roads, and communication, in the purveyance and resulting love of good music, in housing and the ease and conveniences of daily living. But there have also been unprecedented increases in world hatreds and disorder, in the power and cost of government and therefore in tax burdens, in the deadliness not only of war but of our toys of peace, in nerve tension, fear, insanity, and the wreckage of the family. We get nothing, it appears, that we do not pay for; one wonders how to confute those philosophers who have denied that there is such a thing as progress.

One setting out to prove so intangible a thesis as Mr. Davis's is inevitably menaced by absurdity, especially when one is so recklessly categorical as he. His canvas is splashed with black and white; there are few intermediate tones. He is "completely convinced that there is more happiness per capita today than in 1900," a thing difficult to prove in view of the condi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions just mentioned. "We adults do not believe we are so wise today and consequently we are wiser." Who are we? It seems to me that the percentage of wiseacres remains fairly constant through the ages. Our great psychologist Thorndike says that the human brain has not improved perceptibly in half a million years. Mr. Davis reasons from the particular to the general with the facility of the young man on the flying trapeze. His father was loud, selfish, domineering, narrow, contemptuous of reading—how refreshing this modern frankness!—ergo, all fathers must have been like that. Chillicothe, beset by sin, brawling, and murder, was "fairly representative of America as a whole," a wildly erroneous statement. Missouri was a border state where the Civil War began nearly a decade before 1861, where war, bitterness, and banditry persisted for decades after the war. I speak not with alien contempt, for I was born there, too, though I lived in other Midwestern states after my eighth year. I, who am somewhat older than Mr. Davis, should remember still worse conditions, but the alleged prudery and superstition of his home town around 1900 surpass anything in my experience, as do the whole nights (and many of them) of prowling, stealing, and devilment, all unsuspected by their families, of Clyde and his boy pals, who were, he says, highly antisocial. The coarse, ungrammatical female Sunday-school teacher whom he describes would never have taught a class in the two small cities in Indiana and Kentucky where I spent most of my youth. He belittles the physicians of fifty years ago unfairly, dragging in old superstitions of the profession, going as far back as 1788, to discredit them. It seems there was an end-of-the-world scare in Chillicothe shortly after 1900, which equaled in terror that of the Millerites of 1843. In Indiana, where I lived at the time, we heard nothing of it.

Mr. Davis cites examples of scholarship and culture which he has discovered among today's workingmen, which he thinks make 1900 look like a Dark Age. But he should read the expressions of astonishment of an Englishman, Sir Charles Lyell, at the erudition which he found among New England working people, male and female, in 1841, half a century before Mr. Davis was born—as well as remarks by Dickens, Charles Eliot Norton, and others. Locality and local conditions had much to do with the state of culture in the American past.

The fact is that one can select groups of historical examples to prove almost anything you like.

Resistance with Long Legs & Nice Teeth

COMES THE COMRADE! By Alexandra Orme. New York: William Morrow & Co. 376 pp. $4.

By Edmund Demaitre

WHILE scores of books have been written during the past years on the political problems that oppose Soviet Russia to the Western world, no serious attempt had been so far made to delineate the relations between the homo sapiens living beyond the Russian borders and the mysterious variety which Communist propaganda relentlessly advertises as The New Soviet Man. Since Alexandra Orme had the opportunity to watch from close quarters the meeting of the twain, it is highly regrettable that she gave of her experience an account that lacks not only pungency but, alas, also credibility.

Describing herself as a Polish lady who married a Hungarian nobleman, the author relates the ordeals to which the inhabitants of Mora Manor, the seat of the family, have been subjected as the result of the Russian "liberation" of Hungary. Her characterization of the members of her family as well as of the Russians is arrestingly simple. In her opinion humanity seems to be divided into two species: those who are heavily built and have bad teeth (the Russians) and those upon whom Nature bestowed tall figures and excellent dentition. Thus she describes the first Russian soldier she happened to meet as a "gap-toothed boor." A few hours later her husband looks with some surprise at the "gap-toothed lads" in Russian uniform. When the "liberation" is in full swing she notices that "most Russians had several silver teeth or else large gaps." One of the Russian soldiers, Ivan, is introduced as a youth "whose gap in his teeth was a yawning black hollow in the darkness of his mouth."

The inhabitants of Mora Manor who have to face this dental catastrophe are described as "an uncanny lot; six feet tall." One of the ladies, Dolly, is "slim, tall (five feet, seven inches) and very pretty." Lest we forget, the author reminds us that another lady present, Marietta, was tall, too. So was the owner of Mora Manor, nicknamed Tacitus, who looked like a thoroughbred, being "tall, slender, and nervous." It is hardly surprising that one of the few sympathetic Russian characters who appear in the book is awarded with an aristocratic epithet, being described as "The Tall Major."

The dental monsters would undoubtedly have inflicted the most terrible atrocities on the Mora giants had it not been for the author, who outwitted the Russians at every turn. The "liberators" had raped every woman in the neighboring villages. But not the ladies in Mora Manor. This miracle was due partly to the author's cleverness, partly to the fact that the beauty of the ladies in Mora "was not a thing to attract the Russians. It was quite beyond their comprehension." Before arriving in Mora some of the Russians had never seen a painting. They hardly knew what one was.

—*From the book.*

The unspeakable atrocities committed by the Russians in Hungary and their filthy behavior in Mora Manor are attributed by the author to lack of discipline. In the opinion of this reviewer, who saw the Russians in action on various fronts, this is an oversimplification. The Red Army, which looted, raped, and murdered its way across Hungary, has behaved tolerably in Rumania, reasonably in Czechoslovakia, and correctly in Finland. It is thus probable that the Russian troops were given a free hand in Hungary, partly for political reasons, partly as retaliation for the devastations of the Second Hungarian Army in the Voronezh sector on the Russian front.

The credibility of the account is considerably weakened by strange contradictions. In the opening paragraphs the author admits that at the time of arrival of the Red Army her Russian vocabulary was limited to some fifty words. A few days later, however, she converses fluently in Russian on such delicate subjects as the meaning of collectivism, man's place in the universe, and the various ways of acquiring venereal diseases. In connection with one incident she

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asserts that there were no firearms in Mora Manor, but this doesn't prevent her from departing a few days later on a hare-shooting expedition.

While the book fails to reveal the real meaning of the conflict that opposes Communist and Western psychologies, it contains several amusing episodes. There is, for instance, the story of the Russian soldier who approached the writer with highly improper suggestions but forgot about the whole thing when she embarked on a long discourse on the merits of Russian cultural superiority. Some of these scenes have a strong symbolic value such as the one where the author tries to explain to a flabbergasted Russian soldier the constitutional position in Hungary of a Knight of the Order of Malta.

The author is at her best when dealing with such episodes. But as a whole her book is rather disappointing—even for people who happen, as this reviewer, to have an excellent dentition and are almost six feet tall.

As war correspondent of Le Petit Parisien, *Hungarian-born Edmund Demaitre covered the invasion of Poland, the occupation of the Baltic States, and the Russo-Finnish War. Between* 1941 *and* 1945 *he wrote a daily column for the London* Daily Express *on operations on the Eastern Front.*

Ambassador of Mental Hygiene

THOMAS W. SALMON: Psychiatrist. By Earl D. Bond, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 237 pp. $3.

By Bertram Schaffner, M.D.

THIS is more than the story of a psychiatrist; it is the life history, very simply told, of a pioneer and a crusader. By an accident fortunate for the profession, Thomas W. Salmon became a psychiatrist. The period in which he made his great contributions to mental health in the United States (1919-27) happened to coincide with the years in which psychoanalysis was making its dramatic revelations of the mechanisms of neurosis and the unconscious. Consequently, Salmon remained less well known to the general public than Sigmund Freud, but his activities in the field of mental hygiene were epoch-making, and among the members of the psychiatric profession, at least, he was held in very high esteem.

The battles that Dr. Salmon fought for the improvement of the care of the insane and for the extension of psychiatric training sound extremely familiar in 1950. In 1948 Albert Deutsch was clamoring for public attention and legislative action to relieve the overcrowding in state institutions and to attract more qualified personnel to the field of mental health. In 1949 "The Snake Pit" was available for the public to judge for itself. This does not mean that Dr. Salmon's work was ineffective; the sad fact of the matter is that much of the progress achieved while he was fighting for it has been forgotten in the periods between World Wars I and II. We are still prone to overlook the needs of those who cannot speak for themselves.

Dr. Salmon's interests lay in the direction of making psychiatric treatment available to the many rather than to the few and always to the underprivileged. He seemed to have a compulsion to be a trouble-shooter; he enjoyed tangling with authorities, red-tape, and smugness. The number of areas in which he initiated reforms or brought innovations is astounding. It is hard to believe that one man could, by his keen awareness and his willingness to campaign, have brought about so many significant changes within only two decades.

Typical of Dr. Salmon's life was his experience with the U.S. Army in World War I. He had been sent by the office of the Surgeon General to England to study the treatment of combat neuroses, then known as "shell shock." His sympathetic treatment of these men convinced him that they were not cowards, but men who had actually endured more than they could tolerate, and had succumbed in spite of their best intentions. He did his best to educate both the military and the civilians to understand this. When he was placed in charge of all the psychiatric services in the AEF he had the thankless task of persuading the surgeons and internists to accept the help of psychiatrists, who were the stepchildren of medicine at that time.

Thomas W. Salmon—"a compulsion to be a trouble-shooter."

It soon became clear to him that men who had suffered combat neuroses were more likely to recover if they were treated immediately and as close to the combat area as possible. To meet this need he initiated the system of placing a psychiatrist within each combat division. The results were highly gratifying, and his suggestion was generally adopted. Unfortunately, when the war was over Dr. Salmon became persona non grata to the War Department and the Congressional committees, with whom he argued bitterly over what he considered their ungrateful and inadequate care of veterans at home, in the interests of "economy." Dr. Salmon's extremely valuable innovation of division psychiatrists was shelved. Although World War II began in September 1939, it was not until November 1943, when the number of psychiatric casualties began to alarm the public, that division psychiatrists were reinstated in the Armed Forces. One can well imagine Dr. Salmon's reaction if he had been able to read the article in *The New York Times* of March 19, 1950, announcing the curtailment of appropriations to the Veterans Hospitals, virtually ending the training program for psychiatrists and psychiatric nurses, and closing approximately one-third of all the wards available for veterans with psychiatric disturbances.

Dr. Salmon's struggles were not altogether without reward and recognition. He was made professor of psychiatry at Columbia University in 1921 and elected president of the American Psychiatric Association in 1923. After his death the annual T. W. Salmon Memorial Lectures were established at the New York Academy of Medicine. However, he undoubtedly derived his satisfaction from help he gave to others, for example, starting the first psychiatric clinic for criminals (at Sing Sing prison) and inducing the juvenile courts to use psychiatric aid in the management of delinquent boys and girls. He well deserved the title which Dr. Bond gives him, "Ambassador of Mental Hygiene."

Dr. Bertram Schaffner, a New York psychiatrist, is author of "Father Land: A Study of Authoritarianism in the German Family."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once America's Leading Neurologist

S. WEIR MITCHELL, PHYSICIAN AND NOVELIST. By Ernest Earnest. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 279 *pp.* $3.50.

By MARGUERITE CLARK

FROM the College of Physicians library in Philadelphia, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the fashionable neurologist and novelist, borrowed a volume on Freud. After reading awhile he sputtered: "Where did this filthy thing come from?" and threw it into the fire. That was early in the twentieth century, when Philadelphia, boasting such magic names as Keen, Pepper, De Schweinitz, and Mitchell, was the country's medical capital. Yet psychoanalytic theories to these, as well as to less sophisticated, doctors remained a topic for sly sneers and wisecracks.

Mitchell, for twenty to thirty years America's leading neurologist, was somewhat ahead of his colleagues in an understanding of abnormal psychology. Yet, like most of them, he found sex shocking. To accept the blunt Freudian concepts would mean a complete upsetting of American mores, and that Mitchell could not face. So from the eminence of his handsome Walnut Street office he attacked psychoanalytic doctrines which held that "neurasthenia is always a disease of the mind—a psychogenesis." To the contrary, he claimed, "a goodly portion of neurasthenia . . . has no more psychic origin than has a colic."

Today, aside from a few bearded photographs and references in medical books, Weir Mitchell is almost forgotten. His famous "rest cure" is outmoded by modern methods, which hustle a patient out of bed within twenty-four hours after surgery. His novels, once compared to those of Henry James and Oliver Wendell Holmes, are seldom read.

Why? "Because he was first and foremost a Philadelphian . . . a member of the gentry," says his biographer, Ernest Earnest, "and that kept him from being truly great." In revaluating the physician-novelist, Earnest, chairman of the English Department of Temple University and a student of Philadelphia's cultural history, has written a thoughtful and heavily documented study of Mitchell and his place in medicine and letters.

"Mitchell never threw off his reticence, his social mores, his emphasis on class and family," Earnest writes. "In medicine he was often in advance of his age but in most social and economic questions, he was behind it. He could help to support Walt Whitman, but he could never forget that Whitman was not a gentleman."

This ability to conform to a highly conservative society and at the same time to be called "the most picturesque and many-sided physician of his time" made him a genius in the minds of his contemporaries . . . "an opinion Mitchell came to share." "He was vain but he had much to be vain about," observed another famous neurologist, Dr. Harvey Cushing, after a long evening session over aged Madeira and strong cigars with the Philadelphia savant.

It is true that no doctor of any age could quite match him in personal and professional achievement. His classic on "Gunshot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves" was published as early as 1864 and his last professional volume, "The Medical Department in the Civil War," appeared shortly before his death in 1914. His "rest cure" aroused medical controversy in America and Europe and his discovery of the nature of rattlesnake venom started the first practical research in toxicology and immunology. He translated a fourteenth-century poem, "The Pearl," into modern verse and wrote "An Ode on the Lycian Tomb" to commemorate the death of his young daughter, Maria Gouverneur Mitchell, from diphtheria. His fiction ranged from a best-selling child story, "Kris Kingle," to a frankly realistic biography of George Washington and a series of excellent novels, of which "Hugh Wynne" (compared to "Henry Esmond") was most widely read and "Constance Trescot," a study of a neurotic woman, was probably the best.

He published hundreds of medical papers, short stories, and several volumes of verse. And all the while he lived a fashionable social life with his second wife, the wealthy and aristocratic Mary Cadwalader, and earned in his peak years at least $70,000 annually from his medical practice.

Yet Mitchell's early days, as described by Professor Earnest, were as packed with nineteenth-century frustrations as those of any of his fiction characters. A frail, imaginative boy in a household of vigorous extroverts, Weir Mitchell at the age of seven was sent to bed on bread and water for twenty-four hours because he insisted that he had seen a "pink elephant" on Chestnut Street. Mitchell never forgot this indignity. Throughout his professional life he warned parents not to mistake "richness of imagination for poverty of moral sense."

In 1847 when the eighteen-year-old youth suggested the study of medicine his doctor-father objected. "You are wanting in nearly all the qualities that make for success in medicine," Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell said. "You have brains but no industry."

Cowed by his father's disapproval, Weir nevertheless entered Jefferson Medical College, graduating at the age of twenty-one. By modern standards, he was badly trained. He never served an internship. Instead, he acted as physician to the poor at the Southwark Dispensary. His father wanted him to be a surgeon, but apparently his nervous temperament led to lack

Interruption

By John Holmes

GRIEVING again that long since expert grief,
Chopin's quicksilver and not quite heartbreak,
The girl next door troubles my afternoon.
She is young. She fingers the Polish runs
To pass time in a flight of sixteenth-notes,
Each helping the other to hurry hours away.

I'm from a long line of small heroes, rage
Bites me, contempt and hope, and I bite back.
In my country the imperfect is always with us,
The impatient learning patience, the middle-aged
With night coming and the intended work undone.
My usual and illogical and dumb anxieties.
The body of love only may invade my dark;
That music shivers in my legs and memory.

But the piano, though not my kind of enemy,
Rides in a drill of sadness, a dance like rain,
Over and over the borders of my difference,
Raids my iron grieving, robs me and leaves me
In silver a new way of filling time with sound.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From the jacket of "Mink on Weekdays."

of precise muscular control and he had to abandon this specialty for general medicine. At thirty-two he was simply another Philadelphia family doctor with heavy responsibilities and little prestige. Then came the Civil War, and Mitchell's life was completely transformed. As a "contract surgeon" in an Army hospital he gathered material for his famous book on nerve injuries. His first short story, sold to *The Atlantic*, "The Case of George Deadlow," grew out of his wartime experiences.

From the start Mitchell's approach to nervous disease was primarily psychological. Most doctors of his era were contemptuous of the pale, fainting, neurotic woman, but Mitchell took her seriously. At a time when the Lydia Pinkham-and-Peruna routine was most popular he recommended instead enforced bed rest, massage, and a fattening diet. Half his women patients were in love with the urbane, self-assured doctor, who by respecting the relationship between the mind and the body (psychosomatic medicine) restored them to normal health. He grew "fearfully conceited," Professor Earnest admits, "but never a stuffed shirt."

What of Mitchell's inner life? That question his biographer finds hard to answer. Even with himself he remained a reticent man. Despite masses of personal letters, an autobiography, and diaries for the years 1894-1912, the Philadelphia doctor had little to say about the mind and emotions of a man who lived through eighty-five years of medicine's pioneer progress. Significantly, he once wrote in his diary: "No man can reveal his own life . . . no man dare. The wisest are the most silent."

Marguerite Clark, author of "Medicine on the March," is editor of the Medicine Department of Newsweek *magazine.*

Rich Little Rich Girl

MINK ON WEEKDAYS: Ermine on Sunday. By Felicia Lamport. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 350 pp. $3.

By Sara Henderson Hay

I REMEMBER when I was quite small reading a book called "The Poor Little Rich Girl." This was, as I recall, a tear-jerker depicting the hard lot of a child of wealth. Overwhelmed by governesses, smothered with advantages, this moppet finally came down with brain fever. Felicia Lamport, author of the present chronicle, was born with no mere silver, but a palladium, spoon in her mouth. She and her sister, Sara, wore mink collars on their snow-white weekday coats, ermine on Sunday. They went to proper private schools and camps and lycées and they had frauleins, mademoiselles, and signoras to keep them in line at home. They took music lessons, dancing lessons, ballet lessons, tennis lessons, golf lessons; they shuttled back and forth between Europe, New York, and Long Island; they were relentlessly organized, nurtured, and cultivated. Far from being reduced to brain fever, however, Felicia managed triumphantly to override her numerous advantages, emerging plump, hearty, healthy, and irrepressibly gay about it all.

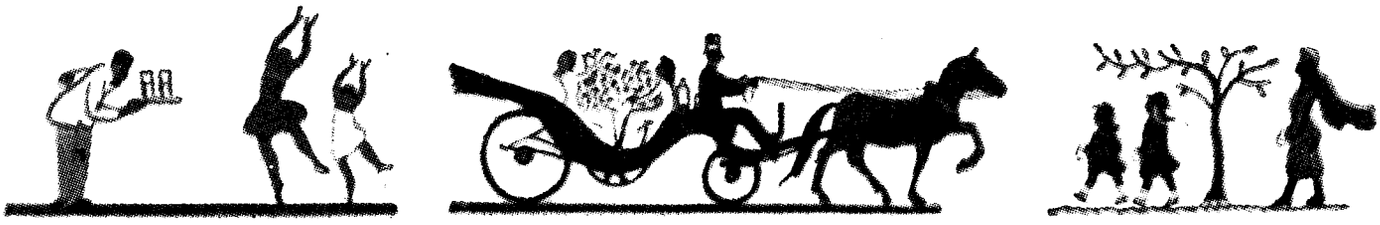
She and her sister had, let it be stated, instead of the nebulous and neglectful parents who so afflicted the Poor Little Rich Girl, a father of both wit and patience and a mother who, though not exactly tender, was a woman of great charm, zest, individuality, and indomitable energy. And, in spite of the advantages, the Lamports were after all a devoted and close-knit family.

Miss Lamport recounts her plush coming of age with a fine, offhand humor, with that incisive but unoffending sense of the ridiculous which Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough employ so well in their reminiscences. "Mink on Weekdays" belongs in that genre of family chronicles, the Life with Father and Mother, the gentle poking of fun at foibles and eccentricities, the events and characters recalled not to instruct but to entertain, the slightly deprecatory amusement at oneself and one's early tribulations.

Author Felicia was the plump sister, the one who missed the golf balls and the tennis returns, the despair of the dancing master and the music teacher. It was Sara's seniority of a year, Felicia decided at an early age, which gave her an invincible superiority. It embittered her for a week until she came to the conclusion that she herself was in reality a fairy, forced to be an ordinary child for a certain period before she could resume her wings and powers. This comforting assurance supported her until she developed her own particular distinctions of buoyancy and great good humor, not to mention the ability to beat her father at chess.

This is really Mother's book, though —Mother who was brisk, impulsive, energetic, positive, and who managed everybody with a fine and airy unpredictability. Mother's motives and reasonings were always a couple of jumps ahead of her baffled family, but they worked out a system of expecting the unexpected and it was generally satisfactory.

Miss Lamport's book is an amusing and entertaining chronicle of an amusing and highly entertaining family, written with warm and sympathetic humor.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History Notes

SINGLE-HANDED PASSAGE, by Edward C. Allcard. Norton. $3. Mr. Allcard is probably the most literate of solo transatlantic voyagers to write a book about his trip. An Etonian and a naval architect, he warmed up by sailing the thirty-four-foot yawl *Temptress* from England to Gibraltar in 1948. On May 21, 1949, he set out from Gibraltar for New York by the southern route, in order to take advantage of the trade winds, the north equatorial current, and the Gulf Stream. He reached City Island, New York, on August 9. He has a good story to tell and he tells it well. The publicity his arrival gave him brought him letters from all over the world, mostly from young Americans, the majority of them asking for advice.

He gives five succinct pages of it at the end of his narrative: Treat all your sails with anti-mildew solution. Don't use yachty fittings. Use stainless-steel wire rope. Assume that one day the boat will be upside down and bolt things down accordingly. Don't catch gadgetitis. Check compass deviation and take a spare. And (as he might add, but modestly doesn't) read this book.

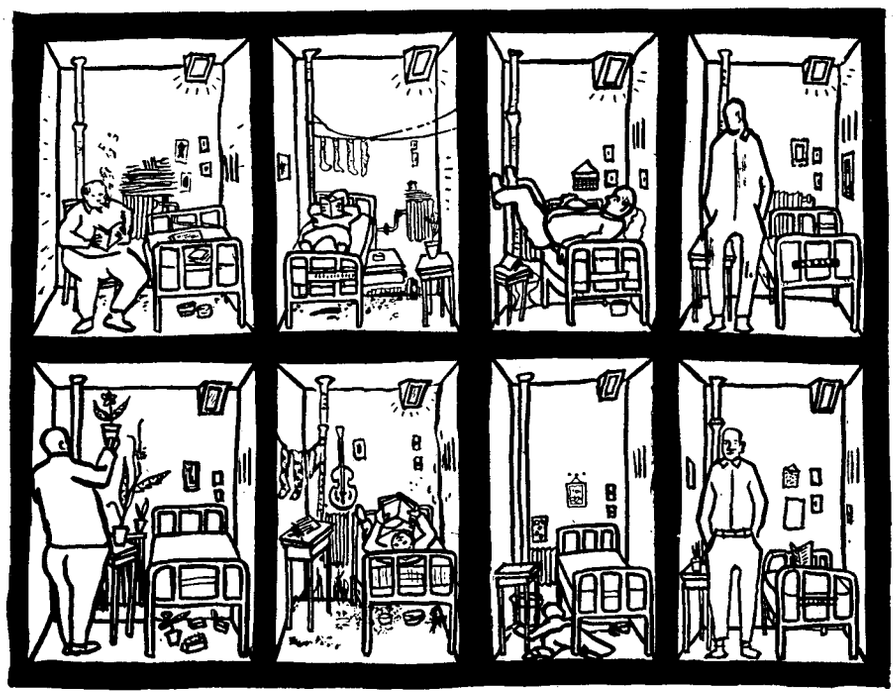
HAPPIER DAYS: Recollections and Reflections, by Ernest Benn. Putnam's. $3. Sir Ernest Benn used to smoke cigars, "but I happen to have a reputation as a defender of capitalism, and years ago determined that I would eschew the favorite Socialist bogy—the capitalistic cigar," so for more than fifty years he has been consuming a half pound of pipe tobacco every week.

This volume, no formal or even informal biography, but "selected, and even disjointed," anecdotage and observation, is "the story of a middle-class person who has had a middle-class success." He has chosen his title with honest conviction; he says that "August 2, 1914, was the last day upon which any Briton breathed the air of traditional British liberty"; the "happier days" all came before that. Sir Ernest later went into trade-journal publishing (see his "Confessions of a Capitalist") and still later into books. He acquired the English book rights to the Colonel E. M. House papers and was shocked to read there the colonel's report to Woodrow Wilson, referring to King George V: "This is the most bellicose little monarch loose in these parts." He cabled House for permission to leave that out and got it. Then he remembered that his friend Lord Rothermere, of the *Daily Telegraph*, had the serial rights. Would Rothermere kill the passage? Rothermere, smiling, showed Sir Ernest a proof that royalty had corrected by hand. The word "little" had been deleted.

ASHCOMBE: The Story of a Fifteen-Year Lease, by Cecil Beaton. British Book Centre, N. Y. $3.50. In 1930 Mr. Beaton took over and restored a long-unoccupied seventeenth-century Wiltshire manor. Just how much of a job this involved is made plain by some striking before-and-after photographs, which are among the charming illustrations—there are numerous sketches by the author and a water-color frontispiece by him. In 1661 Ashcombe was rented for fifty pounds a year; that was exactly what Mr. Beaton paid 269 years later, but the money he spent renovating it must have almost put an end to Britain's phase of the Depression. He got his money's worth out of it, though, as this account of gracious country life attests. He almost lost Ashcombe early in the war when the Army considered taking over the estate for commando training — the house would have impeded mortar practice. But Ashcombe became nothing worse than a site for radio-location apparatus and for an antiaircraft searchlight. The American whose acquaintance with English country houses is bounded by Henry Fielding and Angela Thirkell will be delighted by this inside account of authentic manorial life.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

A FIELD OF BROKEN STONES, by Lowell Naeve. Libertarian Press. $3. In this taut and sensitive narrative Lowell Naeve, a young artist from the Midwest, tells of his experiences as a conscientious objector. He starts in October 1940, when he declared himself as such, and ends in May 1946, when he was finally released. In that span of time he was moved about through various prisons, hospitals, and courtrooms, and during it he enjoyed a brief period of truculent freedom—illustrated, appropriately, by a photograph which sets off the nightmare atmosphere of his other life within walls and behind bars. The tense drama of his account arises from its straightforward, dead-pan statement of facts; one might say from its lack of pose and its use of plain prose. He is neither a glamorous rebel nor an inspired messiah; he is merely a stubborn, honest, and (by his own lights) enlightened individual, and his personality shines through his writing.



—From the end papers of "A Field of Broken Stones."

His point of view has the ultimate sophistication of naivete. Casually he sketches—by means also of many bold, expressive drawings—such episodes as forcible feeding in a hospital and in greater detail the life of solitary confinement in prisons. His description of that life, with its brutality, callousness, boredom, is strikingly vivid; at times it is reminiscent of Cummings's "The Enormous Room." Whatever one may think of Naeve's personal and social attitudes, his story is a fascinating one.

In writing this book he had the collaboration (according to the title page) of David Wieck.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS IT TOO LATE TO SAVE ASIA?

(*Continued from page 9*)

fair taxation, health, and educational facilities; (3) Proper utilization of land and water resources; and (4) A basic change in landlord-tenant relationships, which in certain parts of Asia is immediately the most important objective, both intrinsically and because of the threat of Communism. Technological improvements alone will fall short of our goals. Increased production must be accompanied by a fairer distribution of farm income. Improvements in the use of land can come about most effectively if the tiller knows that the land or a reasonable share of the product of the land will belong to him. Otherwise not all prerequisites will exist for the technical progress envisioned, for instance, by the Point IV Program, and our political aims will be made more difficult of attaining.

Douglas MacArthur in Japan, Nehru in India, and, more recently, General Chen Cheng of Formosa, have understood the urgency of taking the wind out of the Communist sails in a peasant ocean. MacArthur knew how to do it and did it. A successful land reform under his direction has created in Japan a new, large class of private owner-cultivators, and has rendered rural Japan practically impervious to Communism. Nehru is trying hard to do it. India's needs for technical farm improvements are overwhelming, and Nehru is well aware of it. But he is just as conscious of the urgency for a concurrent land reform program which will give the Indian peasant an incentive to improvement and a sense of responsibility. Nehru's motivation is economic, social as well as political: "If we don't do it, they will." And "they" are the Communists.

Suggested farm reform can become a powerful *political* instrument. The native governments friendly to us would be more likely to win popular support, and popular support in Asia is "peasant support or nothing." An owner-cultivator, or a reasonably satisfied tenant, would acquire a stake in society. He would guard that society against extremism. Private property would be strengthened where it has been weakest, at the huge base of the social pyramid. The common man of Asia would become a staunch opponent of Communist economics and politics—not necessarily to favor the interests of the United States, but simply because his own interests lay in the same direction.

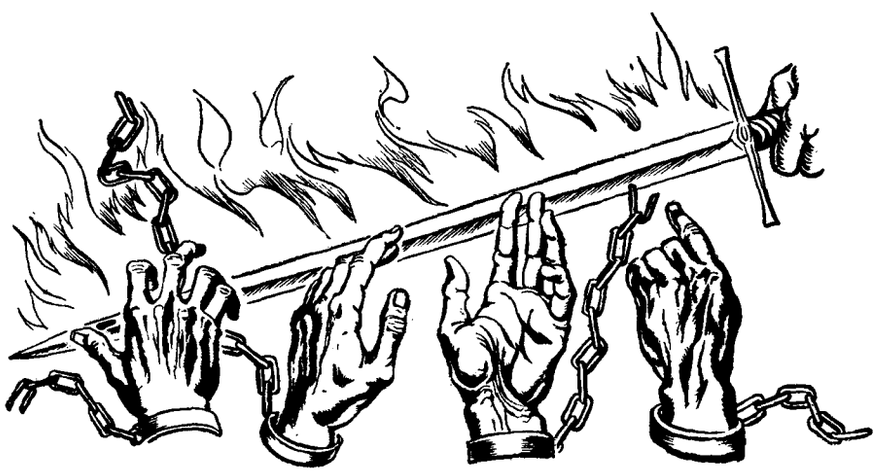
Secretary Acheson summed up the causes of Asia's tensions in the San Francisco address on U. S. policy toward Asia. "They (the Asian people)," he said, "have been striving for independence, better education, more widespread ownership of land, and control over their own destiny." He continued, "It is no accident that their goals and our goals are the same." But while we are busy enriching the economic, political and social institutions the American people have already achieved, Asia is yet to create the beginnings from which a democratic society may evolve. Such conditions cannot be handed to Asia as a gift; they must grow out of Asia's wishes, opinions, and activities.

Nor is this easy. For Asia, unlike Western and perhaps also Central Europe, lacks almost entirely the traditions, institutions, habits of thought and experiences which are essential to democracy. That indeed is the principal political and psychological reason why Communism is a much greater threat in Asia than in Europe. The natural defenses against Communism that a tradition of individual dignity, the rights of man, and of democracy sets up, in different degrees in various countries, are yet to be created in Asia. We are still to demonstrate in that part of the world that democracy is better and more profitable too. And it is through helping to solve the problem closest to the heart of the peasant that such a demonstration can be made. That is how the rural program here outlined, if realized at least in its major parts, would bring the Asian people closer to the goals set out by Secretary Acheson.

The need for U. S. material and technical assistance in Far Eastern programs of agricultural improvement is accepted as an integral part of our policy in Asia. The Point IV Program is a good example of that. Another instance in the same direction is the economic aid being rendered now to Southeast Asia by ECA. Less widely accepted and often even unrecognized is the necessity to dissuade the recipients of our aid in Asia from allowing narrow institutional interests to stand in the way of a progressive rural policy, through which the maximum economic and political benefits of our technical and financial assistance could be realized.

Whatever we may contribute to Asia's advancement and stability—be it in the form of dollars, of technical guidance, of organizational advice, or of military assistance—our policy and all our diplomatic competence and tact should be actively and sympathetically guided by the knowledge that the foundations of the social structure stand or fall in the countryside, and that the peasant and his interests and aspirations must be in "the center of the piece." We must make an effort to persuade the more conservative Asian groups that rural reform is essential to their own preservation, as well as in the interest of the peasantry. Provided such basic attitudes are developed, here and in Asia, the United States could begin to supply the mechanisms of reconstruction and effectively employ them.

Secretary Acheson is addressing himself to the core of the problem when he urges that "We must increasingly in all we do and say affirm the positive goals of a free people." If Mr. Acheson's words are to carry meaning for the common man of Asia, we cannot remain indifferent to the dominance of the traditional beneficiaries of the prevailing feudal systems. From Ambassadors and Ministers to foreign service clerks, we must begin to feel and act in terms of the common man, and in Asia he is the peasant. We must make a special effort to seek out and encourage in every way possible the native liberal groups who might otherwise be lost to our common cause. It is in the vast numbers of the cultivators of the soil and in the



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small yet important elements concerned with the welfare of the people where we would be well advised to find and win our most potent allies. A strong, fairly contented peasantry and progressive native forces supporting them provide a more solid base for cooperation with the West, and for the struggle against Communism, than the forces at work in many parts of Asia, to whom the very words "reform," "change," and "concession" partake of the devil. They suffer from myopia, a disease likely to be fatal. The landlords of Szechwan refused to support a mild reform program even though the Communist armies had already penetrated the gates. In the rest of Asia, too, landlords also may be their own gravediggers, and of their own governments.

In country after country one sees feudal classes bent on maintaining the status quo unsullied. They cannot gain popular support. They neither benefit the rural community, nor have they proved at all effective against Communist penetration. They are the unwitting and unwilling allies of Communism, for they are the creators of the revolutionary situation. It is these and such forces that today hold great, and decisive, power in Asia. Without their consent and support no progressive organization can function. One of the basic tasks of the United States foreign representatives abroad should be to convince these groups and their governments to follow the example of Tzar Alexander II, who saw in time that his only chance of keeping the throne was to initiate reform. He warned the Russian landowners a hundred years ago that "it was better to begin the abolition of serfdom from *above* than to wait for it to begin itself from *below*." He abolished it from above, and the Romanov dynasty retained the throne for another half a century, until Alexander's less-wise grandson lost it.

Fortunately, we already have a technical and social agrarian program that has been developed and successfully tested by the Joint Commission

The Wonder of All the Gay World

BY JAMES BARKE

All who delighted in *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* and *The Song in the Green Thorn Tree* will want the newest in James Barke's fascinating series of novels on Robert Burns. It describes Burns's brief hour of glory in Edinburgh, where he reigned as darling of the crowd, ran the gamut of love affairs, and still found that he could be lonely. $3.50

TIME of HOPE

BY C. P. SNOW

This novel of a shrewd, clever, desperately sensitive young barrister, and of his tragic relationship with a girl who becomes his wife and fails him, is a masterpiece of the novelist's art.

Sometimes described as "the only important novelist now writing in England," Mr. Snow is engaged in writing a series of novels, of which *The Light and the Dark* appeared here in 1948. "... really an enormous undertaking, an undertaking in the grand manner." —HAROLD HOBSON, *Christian Science Monitor* $3.50

At all bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

A tense, prophetic novel about a Westchester wife and mother—after the bomb fell! ... The day the girls came home early from school and Jon *didn't* come home from New York, Gladys Mitchell knew what had happened. Then she had to learn, the hard way, what to do about it!

"The minute-to-minute life of ordinary people in a world of nightmare . . . Take your eye away from the vista of 300 square miles leveled and 8,000,000 killed . . . Live the five days with Gladys Mitchell."—ISAAC ASIMOV, *N. Y. Compass*. $3, everywhere • **DOUBLEDAY**

Help Send Food for the Mind . . . .

• Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available. **CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Rural Reconstruction (JCRR). This organization, created in China as part of ECA under authority provided in the China Aid Act of 1948, held its first meeting in Nanking on October 1, 1948. The work of JCRR came too late to alter the course of events in China itself. But what I saw of the JCRR's operation in China and in Formosa, where the operation is still going on, convinces me that it was one of America's most fruitful ventures. It points the way to what might be done on a larger scale, and in better time, elsewhere.

JCRR is not an American but a joint American-Chinese commission, with a Chinese chairman and two Chinese and two American members. We Americans furnish the money but do not call the tune. With nationalism in Asia at white heat we must be careful not to do so. The commission works through local organizations and finds local sponsors among them for its projects. These projects are not based on preconceived theoretical notions but on indications as to what the farmers themselves wish most. From such grass-root needs JCRR has evolved a practical National Plan, with this order of priority: (a) land reform, (b) irrigation, (c) fertilizers, (d) farm organizations, (e) farm credit, (f) plant and animal disease, (g) seed multiplication, (h) animal breeding, (i) rural health, and (j) audio-visual education.

The response of the Chinese and Formosan peasants to JCRR has been enthusiastic although the commission has actually spent little money—only five million dollars from its inception to date. As I traveled from village to village to see JCRR in action and talked with people in all walks of life I was impressed by the prompt results of this grass-roots diplomacy. It made more friends for the American cause and did more actual good than many an elaborate diplomatic act backed by the richest of treasure.

Most significant was the reform of the tenure system. "Why," I asked Dr. Chiang Mon-lin, chairman of

JCRR, "are you engaging in this work when the landlords are certain to oppose you?" "To give meaning to the nine other branches of our work," Dr. Chiang Mon-lin replied. "We know that using science to increase production is relatively easy, but solving social problems is difficult. If we had not developed a land-reform program along with our production program the better part of the good results would have gone to the landlords and not the tenants. That would defeat our purpose."

JCRR did not create or impose agrarian reform upon China. Its Chinese chairman convinced the Nationalist Government that rent reduction and land-purchase programs, which had already been on the statute books for more than two decades and never applied, should be given a trial, if only as enlightened self-interest.

Within the short space of a few months the land reform produced substantial and immediate results, in terms of greater security of tenure and more rice for the tenants. It is questionable if years of farm improvements would have given the tenants benefits anywhere near as great as these.

Remarkable also was the manner in which tenants asserted their newfound rights. This was impressed upon me as I watched the land commission of Yang Chia Tza village, in the province of Szechwan, as it considered an eviction case in the presence of landlord and tenant. Calmly and with deliberation a tenant contended that under the reform he could not be evicted—something that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. Or take the case of General Lin Wen-hui, Governor of Sikang, one of Asia's largest landlords, chief purveyor of opium throughout Southwest China, most recently in the service of the Communists. Reforms were not meant for him, he thought. He sent one of his estate managers with a detachment of troops to collect rents—the high, old rents. The tenants did something they had never done before

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Esther Jack in "The Web and the Rock," by Thomas Wolfe. 2. Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian," by Sir Walter Scott. 3. Father in "Life with Father," by Clarence Day. 4. Lady Jean in "The White Cliffs," by Alice Duer Miller. 5. "The Lady of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson. 6. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 7. Sisyphus in Greek mythology. 8. Mrs. John Baines in "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett. 9. Sir Joseph Porter in "H.M.S. Pinafore," by Sir William Gilbert. 10. Louis Valny-Cherault in "Beauty and the Jacobin," by Booth Tarkington.

I and the Other Poets

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

I and the other poets have defied
Those who take all bright things and leave tears,
We have locked the door upon those thieves,
The careless and the murderous slow years.

Nowhere have their puissances availed,
We have snatched the pheasant in taut flight
From pellets of quick lead or creeping time
Forever on wing and trailing irised light.

Never can those traitors boast that all
Nervous angels of the swallows are lost,
We have kept the rainbow's archway whole,
Kept the birds of paradise of frost.

The humming-bird's five eggs in a grass thimble
We have saved, with summer, from their rage,
Saved hot briar-roses with gold bees
Embedded in them from cold night and age.

Nothing too delicate or small has been
Overlooked. Dust on the butterfly
From powdered moons, the pearls of violet seeds,
The starry universe of an adder's eye.

No one can say all silent farmers perish,
All flowers with an hour's lifetime die;
The careless, slow, and murderous years
I and the other poets will defy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now that precious acre of land belonged to him!"

—they armed themselves. When the manager and the troops appeared they announced they intended to defend their rights under the new rent-reduction scheme and would not permit collection at the old rate. Whereupon the manager hastily agreed to accept payments at the reduced rates.

This was a unique experience for the general and the tenants. It betrayed a crack in the cake of custom and the American people have had much to do with it. In the province of Szechwan alone more than two million tenant families were direct beneficiaries of JCRR. Yet JCRR disbursed but $218,000 on a reform that went to the heart of China's rural and political problem.

The reform came too late to give the Nationalist Government even a measure of popular support. But our last-minute efforts in Southwest China —and at present in Formosa—nevertheless carry with them a most important lesson. ECA through JCRR has demonstrated, in a practical way, that the United States can act not merely *against* Communism, which has little meaning to the average Asian peasant, but also *for* certain ideas understood by the most ignorant of peasants.

It is true that a final solution of problems of the Asiatic peasant—final in the sense that most of them will live happily ever after—cannot be achieved. There is simply not enough land for the great multitude of farmers. But progressive rural reform in Asia is not a question of the whole loaf; any effort to ease the peasant's burden is welcome and lays a foundation for a middle-of-the-road, stable, rural society. The tenant in the village office of Kwangsi, half-crazed with joy over the receipt of a deed that gave him ownership of but one acre of land, spoke for Asia's millions.

"Land and Liberty" has ever been the ideal of all peasants. It is the American ideal. We must lend all means at our disposal to bring it closer to realization. If the struggle against Communism is to succeed it must be as a by-product of a positive effort in behalf of the Asian people. It must be inspired by an ideal, a broad and bright vision of the future, that will find an instant response among the disinherited of the largest of the continents. It was Goethe's Faust who said so wisely:

To many millions let me furnish soil
Though not secure, yet free for active toil
. . . . . .
And such a throng I fain would see,
Stand on free soil among a people free.

Wolf I. Ladejinsky, Chief of the Far East Division of the office of Foreign Agricultural Relations of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has spent most of the postwar years in the Orient. The views expressed in this article are Mr. Ladejinsky's and not necessarily those of the Department of Agriculture.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DOUBLE, DOUBLE *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Lovely lass lures bachelor Queen back to Wrightsville and succession of slayings that he must stop or be stopped himself.	Chilling nursery-rhyme murders, with charming Hudsonish heroine, profusion of dexterously handled clues, incessant action, and practically unguessable puzzle.	Royal fare
FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT *Pat McGerr* (Crime Club: $2.25)	N. Y. colyumist decides to eliminate one of four principal women in his life at party in penthouse with loose railing.	Knowledgeable novel of Manhattan nitery, newspaper publishing, and theatrical life — with ending in doubt up to last pushful paragraph.	Garish

The new mystery by the master of suspense and romance

Mignon Eberhart

HUNT WITH THE HOUNDS

Pink coats . . . blooded horses ...and *murder,* in the beautiful Virginia fox-hunting country!

$2.50 at all bookstores
A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

Too Many Wives...
When Ronald Tompkins—with six ex-wives part of his past—elopes with his 7th and loveliest bride!

Too Much Murder...
When somebody stops Rony's marriage marathon cold—*with a .32 calibre bullet!*

Too Many Suspects...
When detective Mack McGann rounds up all seven suspects for a showdown —with plenty of thrills and surprises for YOU!

KILL 'EM WITH KINDNESS
By FRED DICKENSON
At Your Bookstore. $2.50
Bell Publishing Company—Drexel Hill, Penna.

THE MATURE MIND

Isn't it high time *you* read it?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Free brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book" tells how we have published over 300 new authors. Write for free copy.

EXPOSITION PRESS, Dept. SR-29
251 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

THE MATURE MIND

Isn't it high time you read it?

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your book (or pamphlet), learn how we can help you. Send us your manuscript or write today for Free Booklet FF.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 35 So. William St., New York 4

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $10
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $14

☐ Bill Me
☐ Remittance Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Zone .....
State .....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

7-22-50

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
GREAT SINGERS OF SONGS — WITH ORCHESTRA AND PIANO		
NOTE: Great voices, physically speaking, are not so unusual; the great singing artist is rare. The real vocal artist combines a fine instrument, well trained, with as much more of musical mind and sensibility. Personality, the projection of words and of their dramatic sense, an intuition for rhythm and phrasing and for the climactic points of song, the dramatic changes—above all, that elusive and enormously sensitive feeling for exact pitch that makes every sung note seem to float true in perfect resonance with its harmony and line—these are qualities that distinguish the extraordinary voices here recorded, and the musical minds that control them.—E. T. C.		
MOUSSORGSKY: "SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH." *Jennie Tourel*; Leonard Bernstein, piano. RAVEL: "SHÉHÉRAZADE" (Song Cycle). Jennie Tourel; Columbia Sym., Bernstein. Columbia LP: ml 4289*	The exciting piano part in the "Songs and Dances" is better handled than most Columbias to date—good bass, tone quality only moderately percussive; a few tape (?) flutters. Tourel is beautifully reproduced, with immense presence and naturalness. The Col. Symphony is a bit dead acoustically, but the balance is fine.	Perhaps the two greatest singing personalities of our day, with above-noted qualities in profusion. Tourel, the mezzo, is magnificent, no less, in her stark, Russian-sung "Songs and Dances"; the music is brooding, darkly romantic, strangely close to the death-absorbed cycles of Schubert. The Tourel projection is spine-chilling. "Shéhérazade" is excellent, perhaps lacking somewhat in delicate early impressionist atmosphere, notably in Bernstein's orchestra. Welitch's high soprano is a foil for Tourel—same superb qualities of projection, intensity, faultless technique. Her Donna Anna is a termagant, unforgettable. The songs, more relaxed, display fabulous singing powers.
MOZART: "DON GIOVANNI"—TWO SCENES. (Donna Anna). Ljuba Welitch, De Paolis; Met. Opera Orch., Reiner. SONGS BY LJUBA WELITCH (Dargomijsky, Moussorgsky, Marx, R. Strauss). Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Columbia LP: ml 2118*	Another superb recording of a powerful yet smooth voice, perfectly controlled in its dynamics. Good neutral balance with orchestra—not near, not far. She sings nearer, with more immediacy in the miking, in the piano songs. Piano is excellent, if slightly percussive.	
ELLABELLE DAVIS: OPERATIC ARIAS (Verdi, Catalani). New Symphony Orch., Braithwaite. COLLECTION OF LIEDER. Ellabelle Davis; Hubert Greenslade, pf. London LP: LPS 181 (10")	Fine recording of high soprano tone — except for some unfortunate overcutting in louder parts. The orch. has more perspective and depth than any of above; Davis sounds a bit closed-in when singing with it. Piano accompaniments are more liquid, less percussive, with more bass than U. S. Columbia pianos above—characteristic European piano sound.	Davis, the latest of the great Negro voices, has less dynamic personality than Tourel, Welitch—but her pure, classical voice is superbly clear with breathtaking accuracy of pitch and harmonic perception, excellent diction. She is lovely in the Schubert and Strauss songs, the simple ones; in the Italian opera, too—if somewhat out of style in the "white" purity of tone! The conventional "pops" style spiritual arrangements are made beautiful as pure melodies in Davis's singing; one can quickly forget the accompaniments, for her.
ELLABELLE DAVIS SINGS NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Piano accpts., Hubert Greenslade; anon. orch. conducted by Victor Olof. London LP: LPS 182 (10")		
LOTTE LEHMANN SONG RECITAL (Paladilhe, Hahn, Duparc, R. Strauss). Paul Ulanowsky at the piano. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1345 (3)*	Piano seems to vary in closeness and volume from side to side; it is generally good, except for more than allowable wobble. Lehmann is beautifully recorded, though high sibilants are not much in evidence.	Surprise—four out of six sides are French songs. In spite of some tired flatting, Lehmann still rates as extraordinary here; the idiomatic French vocalism is easy for her present voice, is done in impeccable style; the two Strauss songs are wisely chosen. This is good Lehmann! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

*Also other speeds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

(*Continued from page 21*)

service of love and devotion by issuing this volume of Markham's best work, condensed to 160 poems. Many of the topical and occasional poems are omitted to the benefit of Markham's critical standing. For instance, I miss Markham's sentimental poem to St. Patrick but I wouldn't quarrel with the editor's judgment in excising it. Professor Wallis has written an informative introduction of especial value to a newer generation who may not have known the druidic figure whom we remember walking the windy decks of the Staten Island ferry or clutching a microphone as he declaimed "The Man with the Hoe." One minor slip is noted: Edwin Markham was honorary president of the Poetry Society of America, not the "American Poetry Society."

NOISE IN TIME, by Herbert Bruncken. Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $2. Herbert Bruncken is a quiet poet. He sings of the lost and the lonely and if his high talents aren't recognized some of the fault may be his own in the choice of theme and his narrow area of poetic enterprise. Yet as the sympathetic analyst of the men and women who, by instinct, choice, or social antagonism, choose to be the hermits of the hall bedrooms Bruncken will be remembered. The odors of these rooms inhabited by Bruncken's characters are stale and fetid and the minds of people are often prurient and unhealthy. But Bruncken makes real poems out of the defeated lives of men like Jonathan Peaslee who

like a drowning man
Upraised his arms and fumbled for the light. . . .

Jonathan Peaslee set his clock and went to bed
with the ticking of tomorrows in his head,
and sleep, like sunlight, made havoc of his glooms
as other lights went out in other hall bedrooms.

When Bruncken gets away from the moldy shadows of the hall bedrooms he can write a well-disciplined and singing lyric. There is a marked contrast of mood in the shorter nature poems, a bright and affirmative spirit as in "Summer Noon":

In the limp hush of summer noon
when the exhausted earth is strewn
with silences of broken breath
I heard a bird that dared to sing
and marveled how a song could bring
against this sullen sense of death
so swift a change that all the ground
beneath me trembled at the sound.

—A. M. S.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS

WANTED—Complete sets Mark Twain and James Barrie; Good Condition. Phone NYC REgent 4-5359.

WANTED. BOOKS RELATING TO EGYPT. Any number and subject particularly modern, in good condition. Please send list and prices to N. H. Riley, 2200 KALORAMA ROAD, Washington, D.C.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

SPANISH BOOKSELLERS, two 64 page catalogues, 25¢. 5225 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

HEALTH BOOKS by recognized authors. For free folder address: DANTES PERSONAL SERVICE, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

LANGUAGES

THIS SUMMER—Study modern Hebrew in your own home. NYC TRafalgar 4-5954.

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian or any of 29 other languages by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26 Radio City Bldg., NYC 20.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

CLASSIFIED

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC, 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

TWENTY - THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

MANUSCRIPT, thesis typing, editing, rewriting service. *Prompt, efficient.* LINDA DUBESTER, NYC. JErome 7-9112.

LITERARY AGENTS 30 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

ETHEL WAUGH, Agent, manuscript typing, ghostwriting, scripts marketed. 125 West 58 St., NYC 19. JUdson 6-1809.

PUBLISHERS ARE DEMANDING BOOK MANUSCRIPTS by established or newer authors. Send your book today for my frank and prompt appraisal. No charge. Efficient sales service and editorial contacts at your command. Literary assistance available. Ghost-writing. Short stories, articles, also solicited. FRANK Q. BRADY, Literary Agent, 55 West 42 Street, NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS, THESES, typed by experts. Clear carbons. Steno-service. NYC, LOngacre 4-5422.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA: Exceptional novels, stories, plays, marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale Drama School '29) Authors' Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood.

RECORD MART

LP RECORDS—all makes always in stock from one of the leading specialists in the mail-order field. We prepay mailing charges on 3 records or more, and guarantee arrival in perfect condition or your money refunded. Get our Schwann catalogue and prices! Over 12 years service to music lovers from coast to coast! RECORD COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, 76 West 48 St., NYC 19.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue, 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box 99-B.

PERSONALS

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

"PARTIES—PATHOLOGICAL OR OTHERWISE"; "On Gambling"; "Mambo"; "Fear of Touch"; "Sexual Gentleman's Agreement"! In: NEUROTICA 6. $2. subscription. 143 West 53 St., NYC.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

INFORMAL, quiet, country home in Berkshires has accommodations for 3 guests. Exceptional food. Moderate rates. Transportation to Tanglewood. Box 91, Mill River, Mass.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

TEACHER, 68, long experience America and China, desires teaching or tutoring. Yale B.A., M.A. Special lines, English Literature, German, Latin, Greek. New England area preferred. Box 98-D.

NOBLEST OF ALL RARE TEAS—subtle, smoky, esoteric FIVE DYNASTY Lapsang Souchong. Introductory packet, with free "TEA SECRETS," only 25¢; China-International Exports, San Gabriel, California.

POSITION as traveling companion wanted by young woman with newspaper experience, A.B. degree, sorority. Write Box 126-D.

GOING TO TANGLEWOOD? Art courses—Calligraphy on an adjacant estate. LENNOX SUMMER ART SCHOOL, Wheatleigh, Lennox, Mass.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢ — $1, none higher. Free lists, editions, Hempstead, N.Y.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capitol, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

JUNIOR SCHOOL CHILDREN 6 - 12 years. Complete elementary course. Music, crafts, riding, tennis. Principal, The Arks, Southern Pines, N.C.

SEND ME $5. and I will mail you postpaid a complete bound volume of Harper's or Scribner's Magazine, 1870's, 1880's, or 1890's. Over 800 pages of superb reading, illustrated. Many first appearances of masterpieces. Box 151-D.

WRITER WILL PAY $100 to person who changed his name and voluntarily adopted an entirely new way of life in new surroundings, if his experience is accepted as basis for story in leading national magazine. Write Box 139-D. Anonymously if you prefer.

WELL-BRED ADOLESCENT available for summer companionship to girl under fifteen. Box 168-D.

FOR SALE: Charm, seclusion, good neighbors, abundant water, 4 room and bath cottage. $6,000: terms. Chichester, Mahopac, New York.

BOHEMIENNE: young and gay, intellectual but feminine, seeks correspondence concerning madness of modern mores. Box 143-D.

TWO GIRLS make real art from your negatives. 5x7, 80¢; 8x10, $1.10. Custom work, pinups; F-G developing, $1.00. Confidential, C.O.D. The Small Studio, Sta. A, Box 582, Champaign, Illinois.

LONELY YOUNG COLLEGE graduate desires interesting feminine correspondence. Many interests. Box 164-D.

THWARTED AMATEUR artist-writer, male, 29, has bread/butter job in Honolulu, wants cake. Go anywhere, do almost anything. Please address Box 163-D.

VIVACIOUS professional woman invites zestful correspondence from educated, successful gentleman of maturity and integrity. Box 162-D.

FOR SALE: Growing book business in Southern California. Nice for couple, but one can handle. $7750. Request details. Box 161-D.

HEALTH AND DIET GUIDE mailed free upon request. Address: Essential Foods Review, 216 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

PERSONALS

TRADE PAPER . . . opportunity for young man or woman, desiring to make advertising or editorial work their career. Ambition and zest for work more important than experience. Write fully to Box 158-D.

WRITER'S IDEAL WORKING LIVING environment. Seclusion, privacy, suite, private bath, in country home. 2 hours New York. Mrs. Pedley, Southbury, Connecticut.

EX-U.S. DIPLOMAT, 30, desires writing or non-writing post, NYC, preferably starting afternoon; experienced, political reporting, press, public relations, administration, consular, languages. Box 154-D.

A FEMININE DEVOTEE of spiritual philosophy invites correspondence. Box 153-D.

PROFESSIONAL GAL, mature, sincere, liberal, colorful, likes correspondence from ditto male. Box 152-D.

CULTURED WOMAN, musician, protagonist of convention, invites masculine correspondence. Box 151-D.

EUROPEAN LADY, NEWCOMER, middle-aged, traveled, artist, linguist, simple cultured tastes; hobbies: cooking, sculpting, outdoors, invites correspondence. Box 150-D.

PSYCHIATRIC secretary, experienced field of criminal psychiatry; New York references, male, 26, college. Boston, Providence or New York area. Box 149-D.

MATURE EUROPEAN-BORN man, progressive, cultured, spirited companion, loves all the arts. Owns, drives Chrysler. Financially independent. Wishes correspondence lady similar. Box 148-D.

THIRD YEAR Kansas medic, Fall free, seeks interesting employment, travel. References exchanged. Box 147-D.

BRAINY NEW WORD GAME seeks SRL friends. Better than anagrams, more sociable than crosswords, SCRABBLE is a real test of your strategy with words. $3 postage paid—or send for illustrated folder. Production and Marketing Corp., Newtown, Connecticut.

MALE COLLEGE GRAD, lively, diversified interests from poetry to travel, seeks stimulating correspondence with adventurous girl. Box 144-D.

INTERESTING WORK NYC weekends, evenings, cultured, personable, youthful, secretary, companion, writing. Box 170-D.

BUSINESS MAN active, will invest moderate sum and limited time in sound literary enterprise NYC. BOX 172-D.

PRIVATE SCHOOL—Well educated, traveled, conservative, middle-aged couple. Experience: he—Math., French, Executive; she—House Mother for Juniors. Desire connection boys' or girls' Eastern school. Box 118-D.

VACATIONS

SCRIBNER HILL FARM. Oxford, Maine. Modernized. Hilltop overlooking lake. $35.

BERKSHIRES: Eat at Sun-Inside Monterey nearby Tanglewood: Wonderful French food.

VENERABLE ISLAND FARMHOUSE for restful vacation mid-July-Labor Day. Box 145-D.

RELAX on the island of a thousand moods! Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Opening June 24. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or contact Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $35 weekly. Folder.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Private lake, rowing, swimming, fishing. 4 tennis courts. Large classical recording library. 100 adults.

VACATIONS

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

ENTERTAINMENT . . . FINE FOOD . . . TAVERN, sports, painting, crafts in a delightful hideaway in the mountains. Chesters' ZUNBARG, Woodbourne, N. Y. Telephone: Woodbourne 1150.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. Accommodates 55. 31st season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440. Send for 1950 Booklet.

THE ALLEN PLACE: small; specialties: excellent food, mountain scenery, country life, interesting people. Moderate rates. R.F.D. 2, South Royalton, Vt.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Charming Swiss chalet, informal, $35 weekly. Folder.

WALK FROM MUSIC INN to Tanglewood concerts. Fishing, swimming, boating, loafing, 100 acres, 2 lakes. Berkshire Almanac on request. Write: MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass.

IT'S HIGH TIME FOR HIGH POINT for good swimming, tennis, food, fun, music (resident trio). Near Tanglewood. The Bardons, New Marlboro, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post-office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22 of your change of address. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably three weeks in advance.

SATURDAY REVIEW

Subscription Dept.

25 West 45th Street

New York 19, N. Y.

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 852

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Postprandial (comp.).	128 8 62 104 165 109 91 74 24 140 52
B. A "system" of training grapevines so that the bearing branches hang down (hort.)	61 13 106 46 84 174 141
C. Pertaining to snakes.	45 47 132 171 95 25 167 32
D. Mountain range in S. France; highest peak, Mt. Mézenc, 5,753 ft.	177 133 103 127 94 155 147 11
E. Dissimilar.	30 72 120 16 39 63 156 163 179 101 51 43
F. Applied to a builder who erects cheap buildings, etc.	5 31 122 48 36
G. Part of a play developing the main action and leading to the catastrophe.	121 158 164 29 93 143 154 125
H. So far as that is concerned (3 wds.).	119 136 187 96 162 38 27 18 92 81 169 49 65
I. Abstracted, as a look (comp.).	7 182 87 116 175 137
J. In modern Greece the head of one of the larger subdivisions of a province.	3 191 99 15 40 123
K. Castle on island of same name in Lough Leane, Killarney Lakes, Eire.	10 97 22 79
L. Former capital of Pomerania, by Potsdam Conference (1945) assigned to Poland.	188 107 9 70 131 115 90

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Two summits in the Blue Ridge, west central Virginia, heights 3,875 and 4,001 ft., called Peaks of	12 184 180 77 152
N. Italian literary critic and poet; translated much Browning, Tennyson, etc. (1836-96).	160 112 26 64 124 83 185 139
O. A simpleton in "Twelfth Night" (last name).	53 88 73 6 113 189 69 145 153
P. More inquisitive (colloq.).	117 102 170 21 35 56
Q. Get rid of (3 wds.).	142 55 19 17 151 82 135 33 68 2
R. Spoonerism.	149 67 105 60 159 144 108 100 41
S. Causing friction.	178 98 161 138 86 129 190 76 66
T. Ruined abbey on the Tweed, Scotland, where lies the tomb of Sir Walter Scott.	20 78 57 150 157 146 172 71
U. A leafless saprophytic herb, waxy-white; turns black in drying (2 wds.)	80 173 14 89 118 4 50 110 181 37
V. Filled by packing closely.	168 114 23 58 186 126
W. Defeated; destroyed.	59 85 44 111 54 130 183 148 1
X. Pertaining to the people dwelling along the Nile.	34 75 166 28 134 176 42

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 W	2 Q	3 J	4 U		5 F	6 O	7 I	8 A	9 L	10 K	11 D
12 M	13 B		14 U	15 J	16 E	17 Q		18 H	19 Q	20 T	21 P	22 K	23 V	24 A		25 C		
26 N	27 H	28 X		29 G	30 E	31 F		32 C	33 Q	34 X	35 P		36 F	37 U	38 H	39 E		
	40 J	41 R	42 X	43 E	44 W		45 C	46 B		47 C	48 F	49 H	50 U	51 E	52 A	53 O		
54 W	55 Q	56 P	57 T		58 V	59 W	60 R	61 B		62 A	63 E		64 N	65 H	66 S	67 R		
68 Q	69 O		70 L	71 T	72 E		73 O	74 A	75 X	76 S	77 M	78 T	79 K	80 U	81 H	82 Q		
	83 N	84 B		85 W	86 S	87 I	88 O	89 U	90 L	91 A	92 H		93 G	94 D	95 C			
96 H	97 K		98 S	99 J	100 R	101 E		102 P	103 D	104 A	105 R		106 B	107 L	108 R			
109 A	110 U	111 W	112 N	113 O	114 V	115 L	116 I	117 P		118 U	119 H	120 E	121 G	122 F		123 J		
124 N	125 G		126 V	127 D	128 A	129 S	130 W		131 L	132 C	133 D		134 X	135 Q	136 H			
137 I	138 S	139 N	140 A	141 B	142 Q	143 G		144 R	145 O	146 T	147 D		148 W	149 R	150 T	151 Q		
152 M	153 O	154 G	155 D	156 E		157 T	158 G	159 R	160 N		161 S	162 H	163 E	164 G	165 A			
166 X	167 C	168 V	169 H		170 P	171 C	172 T	173 U	174 B	175 I	176 X	177 D	178 S	179 E	180 M			
181 U	182 I	183 W	184 M	185 N	186 V	187 H	188 L	189 O	190 S	191 J								

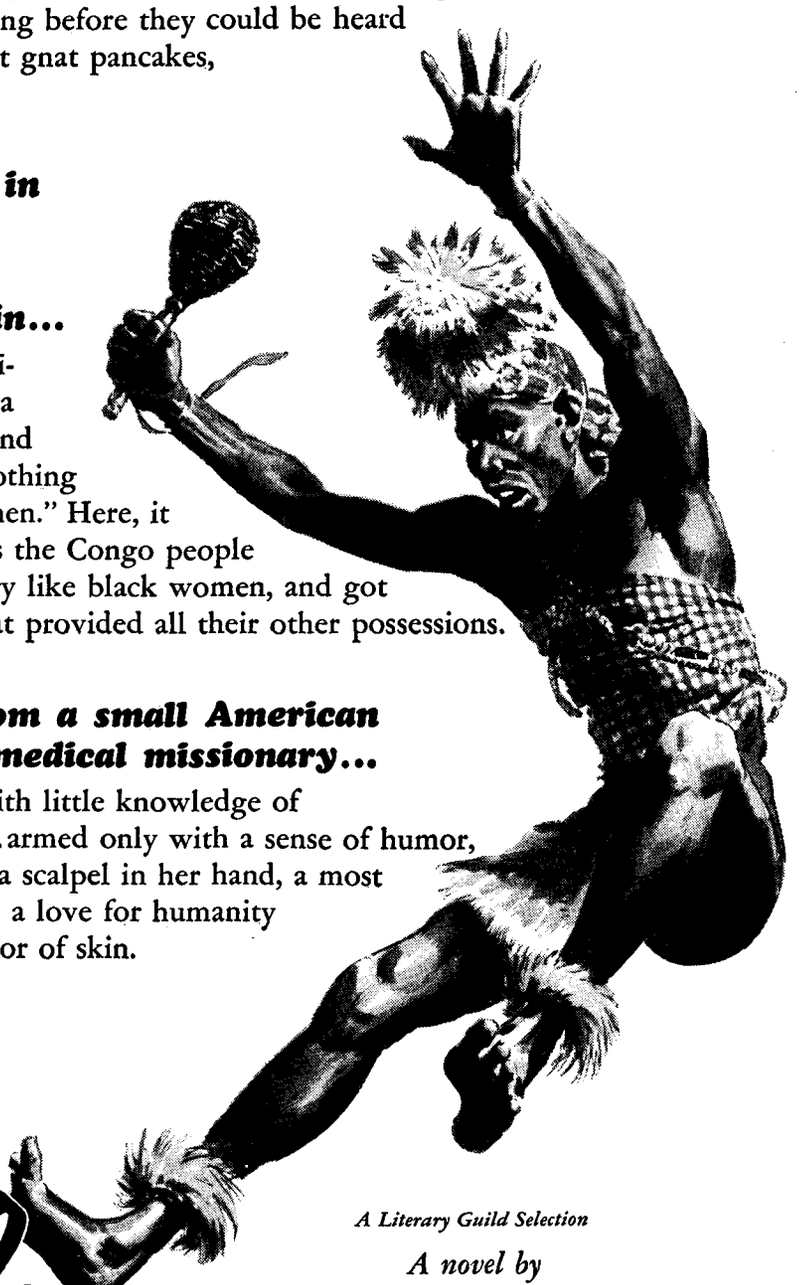
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Congo looked like a terrifying new planet...
where the weight of uncounted thousands of butterflies broke the branches of the trees...where the air was filled with drum-messages that were felt in the stomach long before they could be heard by the ear . . . where a banquet meant gnat pancakes, python, and monkey meat.

Here, men and women in primitive innocence seemed to take sin for virtue and virtue for sin...
Human sacrifice, and even cannibalism, were often much more than a memory. Man was ruled by magic, and woman was a household animal, "nothing but a pair of hands and stupid as a hen." Here, it seemed entirely logical to believe, as the Congo people did, that white women did not marry like black women, and got their children out of the tin cans that provided all their other possessions.

Here, a spinster from a small American town arrived as a medical missionary...
She came to the Congo with little knowledge of theology or of medicine...armed only with a sense of humor, an uncanny knack for praying with a scalpel in her hand, a most unladylike disregard for danger, and a love for humanity that could not be limited by the color of skin.



White Witch Doctor

A Literary Guild Selection

A novel by
LOUISE A. STINETORF

Just published, $3.00 at all bookstores, *THE WESTMINSTER PRESS, Philadelphia*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED